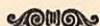


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THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



FREDERICK B. FISHER



NASHVILLE, TENN.
COKEBURY PRESS

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SET UP, ELECTROTYPED, PRINTED, AND BOUND
BY THE PARTHENON PRESS AT NASHVILLE
TENNESSEE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**THE MAN
THAT CHANGED
THE WORLD**

in the spirit of
our high privilege
as Ministers

Fred B. Fisher
1937

DEDICATED
TO
RABINDRANATH TAGORE
INSPIRING FRIEND

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	9
I. THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM .	15
II. THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM . .	48
III. THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM	78
IV. THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM	114
V. THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM	155
VI. THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM	184
BIBLIOGRAPHY	206

INTRODUCTION

ON AN early morning, one summer day, I climbed the neglected hillside overlooking the Sea of Galilee where it is thought that Jesus delivered his Sermon on the Mount. Strange to say the Christian crusaders who captured and built memorials upon the sacred sites of Palestine did not regard this hill as important. Superstitious clamor had led them to fight for the Bethlehem manger where he was born and for the hill of the skull where he died. But his world-changing message on the mountainside did not impress these chasers after the miraculous.

Yet I realized that summer day that the message released on the unmarked hillside was now becoming more potent than all the miracle-stories that surrounded the life of Jesus. These provoking words became the ferment of a cultural revolution in human society. C. E. Montague in his *Disenchant-*

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

*ment*¹ describes the ever-recurring influence of these startling words of Jesus: "Ever since those disconcerting bombs were originally thrown, courageous divines and laymen have been rushing in to pick them up and throw them away, combining as well as they could an air of respect for the thrower with tender care for the mental ease of congregations occupied generally with money-making and occasionally in making war. Yet there they lie, miraculously permanent and disturbing, as if just thrown. Now and then, one will go off, with seismic results, in the mind of some Saint Francis or Tolstoy."

Back at Jerusalem, I climbed the other historic hill, where Jesus was executed because of this radical message. Charles Rann Kennedy, in his spiritual drama *The Terrible Meek*,² has summed up the power of this world-changing life in a comforting address spoken

¹ Published by P. Smith, New York.

² Published by The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, and Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

INTRODUCTION

by the converted Roman captain to the sorrowing mother of Jesus at the foot of the cross: "I tell you, woman, this dead son of yours, disfigured, shamed, spat upon, has built a kingdom this day that can never die. The living glory of him rules it. He and his brothers have been molding and making it; they are the only ones who ever really did possess it: not the powerful, not the idle, not the wealthy, not the vaunting empires of the world. Something has happened up here on this hill today to shake all our kingdoms of blood to the dust. The earth is his. The meek, the terrible meek, the agonizing meek, are about to enter into their inheritance."

Jesus was young when he died: a peace-loving, grace-giving youth who had offended privilege and tradition. His message displayed an unearthly wisdom, and manifested the social poise of eternity. He became the spiritual leaven of social evolution. And now, in this modern world of individual and group adjustment, we have again come face to face with this inescapable Christ. The insistent

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

demands of science, democracy, and universality make his message of love as the way of life the only sure magnet of our hopes.

Forty years ago an adolescent American boy caught his first vision of this Christian life and message. That awakened boy left every other dream to follow the vibrant Presence of that unforgettable hour. It was a decision that set his whole life on fire. Nine times around the world the lure of that ideal Presence has led him; through youth, manhood, and maturity. That matured boy is writing today from the background of a long experience among the races of the modern world. He has seen this living Christ at work. Though expressed and revealed and interpreted in a thousand ways, Christ has the same transforming power yesterday, today, and tomorrow. His effluence changes as He changes the world.

This series of studies purposes to present His personality, message, and achievements. We shall attempt to deal with the spiritual yearnings of the world before He came; with

INTRODUCTION

the Church that for more than a thousand years guarded and nurtured the Christian truth; with those interpid spirits that carried the torch to the far-flung regions of the earth. We shall study together the new social order that is now being brought into the orbit and pattern of Christlike ideals; and at the last, we shall consider, with humble certainty, the possibility of the individual soul finding spiritual victory and completion in Him.

I am especially indebted to all the books listed in the Bibliography, and wish to thank the authors and publishers.

I

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

THE TRADITIONAL view of Jesus is that he was the product of Judaism in fulfillment of the prophecies of the Jews, recorded, for the most part, in the Old Testament. My purpose in this treatment of his life and work is to expand the base and to lift the horizon of this expectancy, and to share with you what I believe to be a world-wide dream of human identification with the divine—a universal yearning for an incarnation of God that would be understandable and applicable to all men. Naturally the Jews who gave up their orthodox traditions to follow Jesus and his ideals believed that he was the new expression of the dreams of their own prophets. One apostle was so deeply convinced of it that he wrote: "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, to

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

redeem them that were under the law, that they might become sons of God."

But to limit the life of Jesus to mere Jewish prophecy and environment is too foolish for words. The Christian social order has been halted and thwarted throughout the world by the binding of his New Testament to the Jewish Scriptures alone. His is not an addendum to one system of older truth, but an emergent, inspiring burst of new spiritual discovery and vitality. And this cataclysmic, emergent, spiritual evolution was the fruit of myriad seeds of truth that the winds and streams of East and West, North and South, had carried to the fertile soil of a cosmopolitan Palestine.

I believe it is possible to classify under three general heads the yearning and universal aspirations of the human heart—three definite things that the human spirit has always longed for, hungered for, and has been willing to sacrifice for:

1. An appropriable power beyond oneself.

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

2. A dependable righteousness in the universe as a whole.
3. The demonstrable reality of human personality.

Any adequate study of the Christian movement must take into account all these basic elements in all religious prophecies. The response of the heart to any religion is dependent upon the answer it gives to these inherent human requirements.

The first of these yearnings is an appropriable power beyond oneself; greater than man, but speaking his language; a power greater than the political world, a power greater than that of a master over his slaves, a power greater than the slaves themselves, even when organized as a whole; a power wiser than man's present knowledge, higher than man's most advanced achievements.

Never in all human history has mankind been satisfied with mere human energy. In every age, in every race, under every religion and philosophy and government, man has sought the personal realization of a power

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

beyond himself. It was true in what we call primitive animism—that is, Spirit Worship. Here would come a cyclone, it was a fear-provoking spirit; here would come a hailstorm, it was an evil spirit; here would shine the revivifying sunlight, it was a beneficent spirit. Everything mysterious or unexplained was a spirit—spirit worship was universal in primitive days. After a while men began consciously to appease these spirits, to try to utilize what seemed to be superhuman power. Elaborate taboos and expanding rituals combined to develop a complex religion which we now call animism. Even in modern America, when you hear Paul Robeson sing that stirring Negro song, “Old Man River,” you are hearing a poignant dirge of animism. The river is personified; it is a conscious, powerful spirit. When you hear the chorus cry, “River, Stay ’Way from My Door,” seeking to protect their little cottage that the river might destroy, they are intuitively praying to a flowing, moving, living spirit that they think has power to help or to harm. Every time you hear any

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

of these spirit-worshipping themes, you are dealing with plaintive animism, which is still with us in all parts of the illiterate and untutored world.

But this yearning for appropriable power beyond human capacities is not confined to primitive persons. No matter how intelligent one is, even in the field of modern empirical science, he progressively admits that there is unharnessed energy beyond himself. Science is forever seeking the utilization of more power. Electricians dealing with live wires know that unless they are meticulous in measurements and application, lightning will strike as from the air, and the uncontrolled current will be their undoing. Driving along our winter highways on glassy pavements the shock of a sudden stop will skid the fast-moving car. There is power in the revolving wheels beyond the driver's control. We have not mastered it. We do not completely understand it. But inventors and experimenters will never stop searching until they conquer this simple yet essential problem.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

There never has been so perfect a climate, so flawless an environment as to make possible everything we wish to have, everything we want to do, or all that we desire to be. Human limitations confronted primitive man. They likewise confront our giants of this unsatisfied era of science. But in spite of this barrier of limitation, humanity has been struggling always with the problem of applying this seemingly limitless power beyond and above man to the facts and needs of human existence. Scientists today in thousands of laboratories all over the world seek practical techniques for applying this manifest cosmic power to man's use and for bringing it down to his daily living. Arnold Bennett, in his *Human Machine*,¹ paints with a brush of irony the asceticism of our modern passion for invention: "Watch the inventors. . . . They must invent before breakfast, invent after dinner, invent on Sundays. See with what

¹ From *The Human Machine*, by Arnold Bennett, reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

ardor they rush home of a night! . . . They don't want golf, bridge, limericks, novels, illustrated magazines, clubs, whisky, . . . hints about neckties, political meetings, yarns, comic songs. . . . They never wonder, at a loss, what they will do next. Their evenings never drag—are always too short. You may, indeed, catch them at twelve o'clock at night on the flat of their backs; but not in bed! No, in a shed, under the machine, holding a candle . . . up to the connecting rod that is strained, or the wheel that is out of center. They are continually interested, nay, enthralled."

Discovery of new power was and is a universal yearning that lies deep in the mind of man. To catch the undiscovered potency! It was the first great longing of the human race, ages before Christ came. Man has always craved the capacity to bring divinity down to dwell with him, to help him, and to exalt his own powers. Stated in theological terms this plainly means a universal, insistent yearning for an incarnation of God in man.

The second universal yearning of humanity

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

is for an elemental righteousness, or dependability, in the power that is beyond ourselves; a righteous, lawful universe is essential. We crave a universe that is dependable. We demand dependable laws—standards and values and reactions that can be trusted. We demand that universal laws be always applicable, always repeatable, always accurate. Confucius expressed the need for this moral basis in life when he said, "Men cannot work together until they have similar principles." Lawgivers, sages, prophets have everywhere sought "the way"—a road that could be trusted, a goal that was eternal, the identification of divinity with humanity.

From the time the first primitive man lived as a human mudsill on a mud flat in the tropics, from the hazy period when the first man climbed out into human consciousness, there has been a demand of the human spirit that elemental righteousness be manifest in the power beyond ourselves. Dependability: so that one may know that when he obeys a law, he will receive his reward, and if he disobeys,

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

he must suffer. He demands dependable, elemental righteousness in his God and in his physical universe.

The third inherent longing of the human spirit has been the age-long demand for some adequate assurance of the reality and permanence and supremacy of human personality. Intuitively he feels the possibility of human perfectibility. He cannot accept his apparent limitations as final. The passion for victorious realization of the implications of his personality is universal. O for some example, some proof. If this universe is dependable, it cannot mock me with this elemental craving. God, that power beyond myself, could demonstrate personal completeness. Then there must come, sometime, somewhere, a sinless incarnation. In that God-man I shall find my own victory!

Every man knows that he does not know everything about himself. Every man knows that he does not know everything about his fellow men, or about the universe in which he lives. But he knows that he has consciousness;

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

he has logic, vision, understanding; he is able to relate one event to another. There is something in his personality that seems to transcend other visible things in the environment of which he is a part. His wistful question is, "Just how far are we superior to the material world; to what extent are we determined by it; and how much of it can we control?"

When the first primitive man tore a branch off a tree and, with that stick in his hand, was able to drive away wild animals, civilization began. It was the beginning of man's conscious control of his environment. After a while that branch became a plow. Man not only needed the stick to drive away wild animals, and thus to protect himself, but little by little he developed the stick into an implement to achieve agricultural support. From the day the first man became conscious that he had power over animals, and power over the soil, he became a thinking, directing, aspiring being. I believe that is what was meant when the second chapter of Genesis recorded that "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

and man became a living soul"—that is, a consciously directive and growing personality.

In the primitive struggle for supremacy over the forces of nature, and the demand for the co-operation of the power other than self, there was a sort of Nietzschean standard of right and wrong:

What is right? Everything that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man.

What is wrong? All that proceeds from and produces weakness.

What is happiness? The feeling that power is increasing, that resistance is being overcome.

When, however, the developing complexity of the struggle revealed responsible social relationships, a dynamic change came into the heart of human searchers after power. For an illustration of this change let us turn to India, the ancient stronghold of cultural strivings. The Aryan language was spoken in a pure system more than twelve thousand years ago.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

In the Hindu *Maha Bharata* (Maha for "great," and Bharata for "Book"), the Hindu great Book, there is a story of the revelation of the first dawning of ethical conception. This ancient Hindu Epic depicts Indian civilization at the time when the Israelites were still in bondage in Egypt, before Moses had presented them with the Law. Man had been a human mudsill on a mud flat. He was beginning to stand upon his feet as a conscious directive being; but with what inadequate conceptions!

In one of the dramas of this great Hindu Epic there is a vivid tale of a minion who had been used as a tool by a powerful and wicked prince. The prince urges the parasite to commit a tribal murder, and assures him there will be no one to witness the act. He starts off to perform the deed, as he had done unquestioningly before, when an inner voice stopped him. The righteous element in the slave's personality revolted against performing this sinful act. The parasite had been from childhood a hunchback, but in that dra-

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

matic moment of his moral revolt he felt a sudden visitation of God, the touch of the Divine Finger, and his hump fell away from his back. Then, with sudden conversion, the cowed, humped-over, bow-legged slave—the tool who had performed many dastardly deeds for the prince—stood erect, unbelievably erect. With stormy countenance and fiery eyes, he refused to perform the poisonous murder. “Why should you be afraid?” said the amazed king. “Nobody but myself, the Prince, will know of this deed.” The parasite, now in a new ethical consciousness, declared courageously,

“Oh, Sire, you are wrong!
All Nature would behold the crime,
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
The Vault of Heaven, the firm-set earth,
Yama, the mighty God of all who die,
Yes, and the inner conscience of my soul.”

Thus we have in the oldest Indo-European literature the story of awakened manhood standing up in righteous rebellion against old

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

tribal standards. All Nature would see—the sun, moon, stars, and earth, God himself, and the inner conscience of the soul. Here, in bold relief, stands out the pre-Christian craving for a righteous and dependable universe. The moral self requires a moral certainty beyond itself to rest upon.

Every soul must have something divinely secure to rest upon, and Jesus Christ incarnated that something in human personality. In that same Indian *Maha Bharata*, written several hundred years before Christ, there is another compelling passage, interpreting in universal terms the hunchback's certainty of the moral imperative, and pointing toward its incarnation in personal form.

“Say not in evil doing ‘No one sees’
And so offend the conscious one within
Whose ear can hear the silences of sin
Ere they find voice,
Whose eyes, unsleeping, see
The secret motives of iniquity;
Nor in thy folly say ‘I am alone,’
For seated in thy heart, as on a throne,

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

The ancient Judge and Witness liveth still
To note thy thought and act,
And as thy good or ill flows from thee,
Far beyond thy reach,
The solemn Doomsman's seal is set on each."²

The Flame-God, Agni, leaps into power in the Hindu soul when the consciousness of sin lays hold upon it. He is the fire on the altar, the flame that burns away sin just as it consumes wood. Men prayed to him to consume in fire the effects of their sin. "What fuel for the flame will you bring?" Agni demanded heroic sacrifices, the best of everything, to heat his fire hot enough for sin's destruction. And the people answered:

"All goodly fields,
All pleasant homes, all wealth,
We sacrifice to thee
That thou may'st burn our sins away."

They conceived this god as ever young, renewed every morning, in the dawning sun of heat and light.

² John G. Whittier, *Complete Works*.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Couched in different phrases, surrounded by different customs and climate, interpreted by different vehicles of language and allegory, there has been evident in the human soul in all races and ages the theistic dreams of an ageless God, the Creator, Preserver, Purifier. There has been from the time of primitive man a longing for a supporting dependability in the universe about him; there have been attempts in all groups—even among nomadic tribes who left little that was stable behind them—to bring the higher laws of the universe to apply to their human relationships; there has been, from the first legendary history of man, the continuing and insistent demand for the inner personal support and the outward approval of this personalized deity.

Consider Nebuchadnezzar, empire builder, under whose architectural guidance Babylon became one of the artistic wonders of the world. With all his vast power, Nebuchadnezzar was afraid that even the people whom he ruled might rebel against him. He lavished an enormous amount of treasure on temples;

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

made Babylon practically impregnable; but still he did not feel secure. He craved the support of a power beyond himself to guide his policies and to consolidate his country. He yearned to know whether he was right, and hymned his petitions to Marduk, the Babylonian god who triumphed over chaos in the beginning of time, who was the Creator of the world and of mankind. Nebuchadnezzar, reigning in his gilded palace, prayed to Almighty Marduk:

“O Eternal One, Lord of all Being,
Lead me aright,
Guide me in a straight path.
Thou hast created me and trusted me
With responsibility for other people.
Cause me to love Thee.
Create in my heart the worship of Thy Divinity,
O Eternal One, fashion me into what will
please Thee.”

In that same religious era when Nebuchadnezzar was instinctively reaching out toward Marduk, over across the world the Chinese

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Lao-tse, the "Venerable Philosopher," was holding conversations with Confucius, who came to him to inquire about the *Tao*—the Way to righteousness. A few centuries later, in the Ch'in dynasty, a boastful emperor tried, by burning the books of his forefathers, to make his people believe that history began with him. Yet he echoed the yearning of his master Lao-tse:

"Let me walk in reverence
In the way of Heaven;
The path is easy to mar;
It is easy to miss;
Let me not say, 'It is too high,'
For the path of God
Is also underneath me.
Help me to bear my burden;
Show me how to walk in wisdom's way."

Zarathustra, called Zoroaster by the Greeks and consequently by the Western world, was still holding sway in the minds of many people with his doctrine of the final triumph of good over evil. His appearance was about 660 B.C., approximately three hundred years

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

before Alexander the Great. Although today it is the smallest of the living religions, numbering only about ninety thousand Parsees, most of whom live in the vicinity of Bombay, India, yet Zarathustra's theology and philosophy swept across Persia and that whole section of the world during the era following his death.

His religion was evolved out of his own mystical experiences, the outgrowth of long periods of meditation on the banks of the river Daitya. It was his custom to spend the winter months in meditation and the summer months in preaching. His exaltation came after a night of wrestling with the problem of evil, with the appearance of a great light or flame; this proved to him that only through a God of light will the demon of darkness be overcome.

Zoroaster was a star-gazing youth, and because of his love for the stars and his knowledge of them, he became the progenitor of the generations of astrologers, astronomers, and Magi. But perhaps his unique contribution was that he posited the devil in theology, a

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

personal demonic adversary. He called him the demon of darkness who kept the human soul from the presence of Ahura-Mazda, the supreme God of Light and Truth. The prayer so often repeated in his sacred book, *The Avesta*, is:

“The will of the Lord is the law of Righteousness.”

Zoroaster's devil became the Satan of the Jews.

This man of God, after his enlightenment, carried his message to all parts of the ancient world, always holding aloft his Ahura-Mazda, his Righteous God of Light. So much did he emphasize this quality, that his followers ever since have given Light or Fire a central place in their ritual of worship.

In the immediate historical background of Jesus we find this ethical consciousness coming into regnant being in two ways: first, through Greek philosophy; and second, through Jewish morality. Jewish morality was full of race consciousness, and was social-

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

ly limited. Only in later times did it become universal. When it yearned to become universal, when a Hebrew prophet could proclaim of Mount Zion, "Nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising;" "For my house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples"—it was then that the Jewish religion was preparing itself for the coming of a larger Christ.

It is said that the post-Alexandrian flood of Oriental ideas suffocated Greek knowledge and Greek culture. Personally, I believe it enhanced the universal elements in Greek and Palestinian thought and morals. We are still living by the Greek philosophy which drank from every fountain. It drank from Buddha, who lived and preached five centuries before Christ. In all probability it sipped wisdom from Confucius, who, about that same era, compiled from the literature of his forefathers an ethical system which held the great Chinese people together. It dipped into the well of the Persians, of the Babylonians, of Damascus. Its thirst seemed insatiable. The

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Eastern Mediterranean world, before Christ, became an inter-philosophical, inter-religious, inter-cultural school of creative thought. The heart hunger, the mental anguish, the instinctive outreach of all the preceding ages met and merged in the valley of travail where Jesus was born.

Let us look somewhat closely into the cosmopolitan character of the land where Jesus spent his early, impressionable years. You remember where it was. Nazareth itself was in the high valley running among the limestone hills of the Lebanon range just before it drops down to the plain of Esdraelon. From the height of 1,600 feet here, the growing boys of Nazareth must often have looked at the blue Mediterranean itself, and must have seen the boats that received the cargo from the camels, the first "ships of the desert"—cargo brought from that rich and varied hinterland. Since it was only a day's journey from Nazareth to the Mediterranean, the boys of Nazareth no doubt joined many a caravan and journeyed with them thither. There was no

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

Suez Canal then, and Egypt, Midian, Rome, on the one hand, and all the old nations reaching from the Orient to the Mediterranean on the other sent their caravans along that valley. Indeed, the old *via maris* led from Damascus to the sea not far from there. In the immediate background lay Arabia, Persia, and Babylon. A continuous pageantry of nations took place in that valley. And while the camel-riders bartered their goods, they also exchanged their credos. So the winds of new and differing ideas of philosophy and religion blew along the valley with them. For Galilee, unlike conservative Jerusalem, was exceptionally free from aversion to things foreign. There Jesus was reared, in the center of that polyglot civilization, and he must necessarily have taken on the color of its philosophy.

Jesus was not, as many theological partisans would have us believe, an untutored ascetic, reared in a little segregated country, whose lines of contact reached only up, like lightning shafts, into heaven. His was a complex back-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ground. He was an educated, learned, observant personality.

In trying to prove that Jesus received his revelation direct from God, certain schools of theologians have overshot their mark. They have felt compelled to eliminate or to minimize the facts of his criss-crossed environment. His intellectual outlook was permeated with the atmosphere of that profoundly inter-civilized period which preceded his birth and which pulsated with religious life. Here civilization reacted upon civilization, theories argued with theories, and ideas conflicted with ideas.

More than three hundred years before Jesus was born, Alexander crossed overland and invaded Northwest India. He reached into the Punjab and his lieutenants carried the penetration even as far as Patna over on the East of India. Later, when the last Greek was driven out of Hindustan, the Hindu that reigned supreme, Chandragupta (Sandrocotus, the Greeks called him), married a Greek princess. The Greek Magasthenes, who has

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

left us the best description of the period, called the Brahmins "Wise Men."

When we know more of the Indo-Scythian people, we may know more of the interchange of ideas and philosophies between Greece and India, for they were in close contact with the religion of Gotama Buddha and the Brahmins. Modern research would seem to make it clear that the pre-Christian Scythians were Aryans, and that the Asiatic branch of this widely scattered and sturdy race were Hindu-Buddhist in religion. Their traces are found in Egypt and throughout the territory between Northern Persia and the Black Sea. They carried into early Europe a great deal of Indian allegory, history, and philosophy.

Asoka, the next great monarch of India, had conquered an area which equaled that of Imperial India today. He had been a man of blood. Apart from wars and massacres, he sacrificed thousands of animals and birds to the gods of the Brahmins. But he suddenly became converted to the religion of the peaceful Buddha. He sent forth edicts on moral

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

living to the people of his widespread empire. He carved, on rocks and pillars, mandates which one can still see at Sarnath, three miles out from Benares, and in many other parts of the empire. He forbade the killing of men; abolished the slaughter of animals, whether for food or for sacrifice. He established public hospitals for sick people, and for sick animals. He appointed religious teachers to instruct the people in moral conduct. And he sent forth Buddhist missionaries in this third century before Christ into all parts of Asia, into Syria, Egypt, Macedonia, and into Upper Asia as well—one of the greatest missionary movements on a vast scale that has ever taken place. He spread Buddhist teachers all over the known world.

The Greeks have said little concerning this era, but such a change of heart and rightabout-face on the part of a great conquering emperor in a country into which so many Greeks had gone, and on which they looked with such longing eyes, must have made a profound impression, and these new ideals must have been

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

echoed and re-echoed in the discussion of the youth of that part of the world for generations.

Jesus had at his finger tips the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and in his heart the stern morality of the Jews. In a human sense it was through this blending of the best in all his backgrounds that he was able to usher in the era of spiritual reality in human personality. He satisfied the dominant passions of selfhood. All men have the passion for love, for knowledge; and all have that very human passion for perfection. We are all thirsty for these. No matter how far along the road we are toward the realization of our personalities, toward the control of our minds, we can approach the fulfillment of all these longings most supremely when our frustrated capacities are released through the person of Jesus Christ.

Back in Old Testament days the psalmist prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." The craving for perfection was a haunting demand even in the heart of the guilty. Come down to Shakespeare. After the ambitious

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Lady Macbeth had forced General Macbeth to kill Duncan, the King, she cannot sleep, nor he.

“Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this
blood
Clean from my hand?”

he groans, and she, his accomplice: “Here’s the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.”

Man craves to be Godlike. He wants a clean heart. He yearns for perfection. This cry comes today from 250,000,000 Hindus, 300,000,000 Confucianists, 235,000,000 Mohammedans, 150,000,000 Buddhists, and from 650,000,000 Christians. Even today it is the dream of science—precision, complete knowledge, accuracy. Science is struggling toward perfection. It is the dream of society—to cure poverty, disease, ignorance, and failure. It is the mutual passion of religion and of science. Is not the incarnation of Jesus Christ, and the message of his Sermon on the Mount,

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

the divine response to this hunger of all people for perfection?

Such a sweeping survey of human movements and ideas as is presented in this brief treatment may seem to partake of the conceit of men who crush long centuries of history as they would the sections of a telescope. But nature itself distills into one drop the meaning of broad currents. So, we gather together in Christ the yearnings and expectations of the world's religions from the days of intimate spirit worship and the abstract conceptions of a distant Sky Father to the warm, redeeming Brother of men and Son of God.

In a section of the Hindu Scriptures, probably the oldest surviving document among the sources of religions of the world, the Rig-Veda presents a god of abstract order called the "Sky Father." He was a holy god, and somewhat resembled in qualities the T'ien, or Heaven, which the Chinese were worshiping at the same period. From about 1000 B.C., the worship of Earth enjoyed an equal place with that of Heaven. The Sky Father seemed far

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

off and vague. There was a longing for the descent of God himself into an earthly form. Vishnu, at first a solar deity—later identified with the Creator Brahma—actually descended to earth many times, as animal and as man. The Hindus believed it a real incarnation—God dwelling for the time within a human form. He was truly god and truly man at the same time. But after a while the people became dissatisfied. They wanted the perfect god to be also perfect man. India yearned for a *sinless incarnation*, and not a god who partook of an animal nature. All of us demand a God who is perfect. Else, where is the model for man himself?

The Greek Sophocles exhibited the tragic touch of Buddhistic futility of existence in his dictum,

“The best of all blessings is not to be born.”

But he did not go the full length of Nirvana, because he pictured a living heaven, peopled with irresponsible gods who could not be

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

wrong no matter what they did. His Greek rival replied with vigor,

“If gods do evil,
They are no gods.”

During the last one hundred and fifty years, while Christian missionaries have been carrying the message of Jesus Christ to every people on earth, there has been one great doctrine that has made their unprecedented achievements possible—and that has been the sinless incarnation: the “One that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.” Here is the ideal of perfection brought down out of the sky—a God-quality that everybody wishes to achieve. The incarnation of Vishnu as Krishna failed of perfection. The world waited for a yet more perfect incarnation, and when it came, it was as the Redeemer, actually human, who, in spite of suffering and temptation, found and maintained victory in perfection. Yearning mankind found at last that the eternal power beyond oneself could be imi-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

tated, achieved, appropriated, by man on earth.

When man has the feeling that he cannot achieve spiritual triumphs, when he is in the valley of indecision, when he lacks strength, he has these inspiring words of Jesus: "I have overcome the world"; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Paul, who experienced the presence of that Redeemer, said, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "No longer do I call you servants," said Jesus; "but I have called you friends." Incarnated unity sings out gloriously in his great prayer: "That they may all be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us." Over and over again his victorious words ring out: "Arise, and sin no more"; "Rise up, and walk"; "Lazarus, come forth!" It is the discovery, the acceptance, the appropriation of that divine power beyond ourselves that alone can lift humanity. Here is the spiritual dynamic at work—power coming in like a full tide, lifting sinful men into purity, weak men

THE AGES THAT YEARNED FOR HIM

into strength, selfish men into social adjustment.

The perfection that humanity craved was exemplified in Jesus. In him is the threefold dream come true: the blending of the power beyond ourselves with a dependable moral standard and an abundant realization of developed personality. The ages yearned for him. He came; and his living presence is changing the world.

II

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

JESUS WAS a cosmopolite. He was born in a land which has never for any long period belonged to one nation, and from a race whose theology was a "sponge of the ages." It is not the land of Palestine alone, nor the Jewish race as such, that concerns us most in the discussion of this theme. It is rather the complex richness and variety of religion and culture inherited by the period and the people among whom Jesus was born.

Alexander had bound his empire together through the Greek philosophy of life, and the result was a Greco-Oriental civilization. Just what did this mean? The conquering king of little Macedonia had stalked across Persia with a sweeping power, over the dividing mountains, through the Khyber Pass—a portion of the world now so well known to us

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

through pens of modern writers like Kipling—down through the heart of India. His soldiers carried back to Greece the mysticism of the mystery religions of the East. Indeed, Alexander, himself, created an epigram that echoed and re-echoed in all the gatherings of soldiers and priests: "I have married the East to the West."

He had an exaggerated belief that his conquering army could achieve a spiritual as well as a temporal unity. It is the oft-repeated error. Our conquering armies of today boast that they carry the true light to unenlightened peoples which will result in a higher civilization.

Alexander thought of himself as a priest who brought the bride to her bridegroom. He had introduced these two strange peoples to each other; he imagined they had fallen in love, and that he had performed the wedding ceremony. He envisioned his enforced new civilization as a household wherein the husband and wife, the father and mother, would be the Orient and the Occident. Alexander

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

died before he knew how utterly his followers failed to achieve his dream. But all was not lost. There was a horizontal give-and-take throughout that part of the world for the three hundred years previous to Christ's coming.

Little Palestine was the highway between India and the Mediterranean; the trek between Egypt and Greece; the bond among the civilizations of Persia, Tyre, Cyprus, and Syria. When the time of Jesus' birth was at hand, the Magi came from the East—out from those mystery religions—to worship him. These canny old astrologers came in true Eastern style. No guest ever arrives in Asia without gifts. They brought their gifts to the young mystery-child. The idea of a virgin birth was no stumbling block to their faith. It probably enhanced it. They had not made the journey in vain: they had found a God-child. These gifts were of the highest sentiment.

The first was gold, symbolizing the medium of exchange among international traders.

Frankincense was the second. How could

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

worship be thought of by these mystic souls without incense! The very gods who hovered about their pantheistic altar would delight in the fragrance; and as the smoke from the incense wafted upward, it would carry the prayers and the psalms of the worshipers to the Most High.

The third was myrrh, that priceless little berry so difficult to gather. Sheep were driven through the bushes so that the burrs might stick to the wool, and thus capture the fragrance. It was the most sought-after perfume in the Orient. It symbolized the ecstasy of devotion.

In our teaching of the Christian religion, we have so sentimentalized the little country of Palestine and its environs that we have failed to emphasize its strategic position as a bridge between Asia and the West. It was so much a highway that the Semitic race has taken on the very quality of its geography, and its people have become the middlemen of the world.

Out from this matrix went dispersed Juda-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ism, creative Christianity, and, a few centuries later, portentous Mohammedanism.

The land that cradled Jesus was, therefore, not purely Jewish. Jesus the Christ is more than a Jewish Messiah. Jesus, in philosophy, in theology, in culture, was more than a Jew. There is no absolute proof that even biologically he was completely a Jew. The thousands of Greeks, Romans, Persians, Egyptians, and Orientals that streamed through the land must have left many mixtures and cross-mixtures of blood. Remember, Mary was a child of Galilee, not of Jerusalem. Imperial Capernaum and Tiberius were next door to her home.

Matthew in his genealogy brings us down to Joseph, Mary's husband. Yet the Christian doctrine was built upon the theory that Joseph was not the child's father, that his birth was the result of an impregnation direct from the Holy Spirit, God Himself. This in itself lifts the genetical study above racial limitations.

Mary, in her majestic song, "My soul doth

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

magnify the Lord," was more Oriental than Jewish. The angel of the Lord had appeared unto her; he had spoken great words of assurance to her; he had told her that the power of God the Most High would overshadow her, and that the holy child which should be born of her would be called the Son of God. Mary believed all this. She had had an ecstatic experience in "the Presence." Her vision of God had expanded. She saw for the first time the possibility of the blending of the human and the divine. Thus there was an Oriental, extravagant, lavish mysticism of vision as she burst forth in her anthem of adoration to the Presence of her embracing God.

Whether from that transcendent experience, or whether she had been brought up in an international atmosphere, there was certainly a decidedly non-sectarian trend in Mary's life, and in her training of her son. Vital personal religion is seldom orthodox. And Mary, the mother of Jesus, certainly had a vital religious experience, as well as a sure understanding of the mission of Jesus. Dur-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ing his whole life, at the Crucifixion, at the Easter morning resurrection, and even at Pentecost, Mary was always vitally present with her guiding vision.

It is easy to believe that her background was international, and the magical exposition of the virgin-birth of Jesus Christ is easy to see as a part of the influence of the mystery religions of the East. The whole territory that surrounded Jesus' life was chaotic in the extreme. It was more chaotic than modern America. It had less unity than modern Europe. With Hitler against one race, Mussolini against another, and Stalin against all classes, modern Europe is not more chaotic now than was the Mediterranean world of Jesus' day. Rome gave it the political consolidation of a powerful sword, but the soul of the world was distracted, and society divided into cults.

This Greco-Roman world, then, was the soil upon which the sower, Jesus, went forth to sow the Christian seed. The ever-expanding spread of the Christian religion, from the

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

early days down to the present time, can be explained only on two grounds:

1. The inherent power of the seed itself: the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross, a redeeming Messiah whose incarnation brought God down from the vague sky and implanted him in the hearts of men; the deep truth of the Sermon on the Mount which, applied universally, will redeem human society.

2. The international and interracial quality of the soil in which the seed was sown.

Had Jesus conquered Ananias and the Council of the orthodox Jews, had he become a reformer within the Jewish religion, you probably never would have become Christians, for it is highly doubtful if Christianity would have reached modern Europe and consequently America.

Had Jesus been born in India in those days, he might have produced only a reform movement among Hindus, for Hinduism has never become a universal missionary religion.

Had Jesus been born in Athens, his movement would have added just one more cult to

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

the Greek heterodoxy, like astrology or any other philosophical concept; Greek philosophy had no drive, because of its eclecticism.

Had Jesus been born in Rome, he would have been a new personification of the Roman mythological religion.

The fact that Jesus was born in the Palestine of that particular day made him neither Jewish nor Roman nor Greek nor Oriental. He embodied the truth of all religions, of all nations. He came, as he said, "not to destroy, but to fulfill" all the dreams of hungry and thirsty men everywhere. In the intellectual search for divine elements in our Christian faith we must not overlook the wide meaning of that phrase "in the fullness of time." The historical sequence of events, the philosophical stream of truth, the cross-fertilization of cultures, the sense of mutual discoveries, the consolidation of ethical standards through the reign of law, the flowering of intuition into objective intelligence—who can adequately describe that ancient era? Let us not restrict our accent upon the divine, by turning our

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

eyes too exclusively upon the theory of a miraculous virgin-birth. The whole social structure of that day was impregnated with the creative Spirit of God.

Our modern scientific mystic, Alfred Noyes, in his *Watchers of the Sky*,¹ gives us an apocalyptic description of Newton's pronouncement upon the miracle of God's inherent, active presence in the synchronized order of events:

"This universe
Exists, and by that one impossible fact
Declares itself a miracle; postulates
An infinite Power within itself, a Whole
Greater than any part, a Unity
Sustaining all, binding all worlds in one.
This is the mystery, palpable here and now."

Josephus, accurate historian of those days, reports a question that was on the lips of the people in all the market places: "Is God the God of the Jews only?" The answer then was, as it is now: "No, he is God of the Jew, the

¹ Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Greek, the Occidental, and the Oriental." The Hellenistic spirit had permeated this whole area—a residue lingering since the days of Alexander. In that Hellenistic spirit it was not possible to discuss philosophy or religion or business in a provincial way. There was much religious competition. It divided itself into four main schools of thought: (1) The mystery religions of the East. The followers of these religions believed in miracles, in the miraculous intervention of the Divine God in the affairs of men; in the affairs of the animal world; in rocks, valleys, oceans; in catastrophes; in personal deliverances. (2) The humanistic Greek philosophy which was absorbing the mind of the intellectual classes. (3) The orthodox Jewish theocratic morality. (4) The liberalized view of the Jewish synagogue of the Dispersion. For Jesus came, we must remember, after the Dispersion, when the synagogue, as a *school*, was gaining in ascendancy over the Temple as a *shrine*.

One is rather shocked by the fact that Rome had so little to offer in the way of religion.

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

Rome was for the most part secular; Roman law was powerful; Roman order dominant; but Roman religion weak.

It is easy to understand how the brilliant Saul, catching the spirit of Christ, could become his intellectual and spiritual interpreter to the whole Greco-Roman world. Let us turn to the scene where the transformed Paul was the center of discussion in the market place of Athens, at the edge of Mars' Hill. His opening sentence shocked the Athenians: "As I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Things you have not known about God, he explained, I will tell you. There is a living truth going out across the world which will finally judge the mind of Athens, and Rome, and Egypt, indeed the mind of all the world. That Unknown God has been incarnated in the flesh. The Unknown One who has been to you intangible, unreachable; whom you have tried to portray in stone and wood and statues of all

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

sorts, is alive and at work. He was raised from the dead. This last claim gave the Athenians the worst shock of all. But the philosophical breadth of Paul's general presentation, with its emphasis upon the divine immanence, made them hungry for more.

Paul had come from Tarsus, the seat of one of the greatest Stoic universities. Because of Paul the best elements of Stoicism were preserved in Christianity. Paul knew how to approach all Stoics. He would quote from their own Socrates, who four hundred years before had insisted on conscience; from Pythagoras, who, six hundred years before, had talked about men being God's athletes. Hear this broad-gauged preacher! with an appeal that always ends in Christ, but using Greek illustrations to Greeks, and Roman symbols to Romans, and traditions of the Pharisees to Pharisees—"all things to all men," but magnetizing every truth with the living person of his Master, Christ.

Paul would never have had the chance to preach in the synagogue at Athens, or in other

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

metropolitan centers, had not the synagogue itself been filled with heresy. Concerning the Dispersion of the Jews, there is one interesting observation, applicable also in this present day. When a powerful, secular, militaristic imperialism conquers another country, or grows up from within, it forces idealists into every part of the world, only to find, in a generation or two, that the scattered liberals have become the seeds of progress, change, revolution—all of which their persecutors will have to cope with soon or late.

The years of Jesus' boyhood in Galilee centered in the Synagogue School. That was the norm of village life. The synagogue was the place where the scriptures were expounded, compiled, and copied. The synagogue taught that nothing was secular; that everything must conform to the religious standard.

Jerusalem's chief temple presented a different picture. The restored temple gathered around itself the massed and selected orthodox priests. Some scholarly, some bigoted: Doctors of the law. Here priestcraft ruled, and

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

religion lost vitality. Nationalism was fostered by the Jerusalem party. Liberal ideas found little soil.

One does not wonder that Jesus at twelve years of age lingered in the temple there to hear their unprogressive and soul-shrinking ideas of God and his people. Probably then and there he decided that, when the opportunity came, he would drive the profiteers out, and would go to the death if necessary, to free the people from the domination of such smug, illiberal religionists.

This no doubt brought to him a vivid resurgence of the life of Jeremiah, whose biography he had studied. This boy, already imbued with a call from his Divine Father to serve him in this chaotic age, must have looked into the future and pictured himself coming some day to Jerusalem with a mature message of deliverance. The memoriter system of education was characteristic of that period. Without doubt Jesus had committed to memory the words of Amos, with his emphasis on social justice. "Woe unto them that are at

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

ease in Zion . . . that lie upon beds of ivory . . . that chant to the sound of a viol . . . that drink wine in bowls and anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph." And again, while in Jerusalem, he must have recalled the words: "I despise your feasts . . . though you offer me burnt offerings . . . forasmuch as you tread upon the poor."

Hosea was so short a book that it must have been transcribed by the boys of the synagogue in their copybooks. I have seen the shock on the faces of modern Oriental boys, learning English from our Occidental copybooks, and compelled to write silly incidentals such as, "The cat ran after the rat," when, in their own language, their devout teachers taught them to write: "Within the Four Seas, all men are Brothers," or "Who is the Author of all things, visible and invisible?"

Perhaps Jesus wrote many times in his copybook: "O ISRAEL, RETURN UNTO THE LORD THY GOD." The ethical demands of God were burned into his soul

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

through the emphasis on love from Hosea, and social justice from Amos. Biography was as potent then as now to youth. Whose life and experience could have been more discussed than Jeremiah's? On the roof top at night where the whole family assembled to feel the freshness of the night air after the scorching heat of the day; here was discussed the latest news from Jerusalem. Galileans shook their heads over the nationalism of the Jerusalem party. Could this party win? There was always wonder in Galilee, where the people were not afraid of a new idea.

As the boy looked up at the stars from the roof top on those suffocating nights, and felt the call of his Divine Father, he often must have compared his situation with that of Jeremiah. The old prophet would make a rugged appeal to a heroic boy. He was imprisoned; spurned by his contemporaries; stoned; thrown into a cistern into thick mire so deep that he was about to sink down to his death in it; but, as Jesus must have quoted from the Psalms (40), "He brought me up out of a

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." The prophet had lived on, after all these experiences, as though he had a charmed life protected by God, and had thundered forth his sermons even until he was eighty years of age. Perhaps that was to be Jesus' future! Certainly there was need for a hero who understood God now. Jeremiah had had his chaotic era to contend with. To-day was perhaps no more difficult.

Jeremiah had lived six hundred years before Jesus. He had seen his people contaminated by the sensuous religion of the people who lived about them. The Hebrew tribes had brought their desert monotheistic faith with them into a land where the Canaanites were swayed by an elaborate phallic worship. These gay parades of gaudy worship appealed to Jewish sensuousness; they wanted to incorporate these pageants of the flesh into their own religious ritual. Phallic worship is as old as humanity and is to be found even now in parts of India in old temples with the Lingam as the central feature of worship. Ruins of

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

similar phallic temples are to be found in parts of Mexico. But Jeremiah had demolished phallic worship in Palestine. The adolescent Jesus, brooding over the spiritual achievements of his hero, must have pictured himself demolishing other sensuous evils, overcoming the flesh by the purification of the spirit. Do not the youth of modern life look out upon our social order with similar dreams of reformation and achievement?

Child-sacrifice was an evil that Jeremiah had denounced, and, because of it, he was in turn denounced even by his own family as a fanatic. There seems to have been some form of human sacrifice in all primitive religions. Among the interesting Maya buildings in the city of Chichen Itzá in Yucatan, excavated by the archeologists of our Carnegie Foundation, there is a beautiful temple of white marble. It was the residence of the vestal virgins who prepared themselves for the sacrificial moment when they would leap into the sacred well and die, to appease the God of rain and bring water to the crops. In all parts of the world, in not

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

too distant times, the custom of sacrificing childhood was carried on. How hard it is in the twentieth century to arouse greedy exploiters to see and to correct the stunting evil of child labor.

Somewhere and sometime during his adolescent years, the expanding Jesus, seeking the clarification of his mission, had pondered on the whole idea of child sacrifice. The sanctity of childhood was not understood. He would make his generation catch a new conception; if the soul of every newborn baby was a new spirit, fresh from God, then, was not a child most like heaven? When he heard his seniors discuss transmigration on the house top during the long hot evenings, the boy must have argued to himself that a soul coming from some other earth-person could not be so pure as heaven. His ideas of personal immortality were becoming definite. There is very little said about immortality in the Old Testament. Indeed, the permanence of the nation, and not the individual, was for the most part their passion. Immortality is reported, by most

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

historians of this period, to be a Greek doctrine. But that depends upon what definition one gives of immortality. Did the soul exist before the child was born? And was the child before birth in communication with angels? Or was Indian Karma at work through transmigration? The English Wordsworth has a touch of the ancient question in his doubtful lines:

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.”

What did Jesus think? Certainly he thought deeply, and solved the question to his own satisfaction. The problem bristled with inquiry and with superstition in his day. Herod feared the possibility of the reincarnation of a revolutionary prophet. And when Jesus asked his disciples, in later life, who the popu-

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

lace thought he was, they answered: "Some say John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremiah." But with what clarity of thought Jesus developed this radiant idea of immortal personality. He was so sure of it that he passed through death undefeated, and in his impress of the truth of his resurrection upon his disciples he set the whole world on fire with the hope and the certainty of everlasting life.

As the neighbors talked back and forth from their roof tops, they must often have watched the Roman Legions pass. Perhaps the dust from their trampling feet rose as a stench in their nostrils to remind them that they were a conquered people. Nationalism as a subject for discussion was forced upon them. Pharisees and Sadducees, of necessity at the end of their struggles one with another, were now united in their hatred for Rome. Was not the expected Messiah to come and turn the Roman officers back to the sea at the head of their retreating armies; put them on boats and send them back to Rome? When would he come to enlist the Hebrew legions? These boys were

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

eager for the new, thrilling experience. What must Jesus have been thinking as these questions were argued and debated night after night on the house tops?

It was a shaken and confused age; a thousand conflicting thoughts were surging in the minds of the people. Everywhere there was a longing for security, a passion for certainty. It was an exact parallel of our modern world. It is what Americans plead for, along with the rest of the pondering world. If you listen to the pronouncements of college presidents, if you analyze carefully the books you read, you will discover that right now we are passing through the very kind of period we have been discussing. It is a shaken and a confused age. There are a thousand conflicting fears and panaceas; a longing for authority; a demand for security; a passion for certainty.

Jesus was born at the gateway of time; to satisfy the hunger in human hearts, to answer the inquiry in human minds, to give backbone to the uncertainty of the human will. There was a divine combination of these three re-

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

quirements in the personal life and the social message of Jesus.

How fitting it was that the dramatic incidents of his life should have taken place in and near the religious city of Jerusalem. For although priestcraft had a strangle hold on the temple, the city still remained, through Jewish theism, the capital of a theocratic society, that held passionately to a God of moral order and of personal religion.

In spite of the diluting streams from the ends of the earth, monotheism was still the pillar of their faith. There have been a good many theories as to the origin of monotheism. I do not know how it came. But if you will visit the desert with me, you will have an experience of God—one God in whom all nature unites—that you will never forget. I have spent long hours in the desert and have experienced this all-inclusive mystery of God. The world is far away, shut out by the very vastness of the desert. The train of camels passes by, but as silent as the sun's hot rays that follow you relentlessly. There is no shade—

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

only distance. The only thing that changes is your own shadow. And when the sun's rays shorten and the shadows lengthen, and the solitary sun disappears, a red ball in the distance, you whisper, lest the awful silence be marred. How easy it seems to believe that the oneness of God was revealed in the desert.

Another vibrant note, clear as a flute and sweet as a song, was caught and transmitted by Jesus. It clashed with the clamor of war. It was his mountaintop sermon on non-violence. How learned in the social wisdom of the world this son of man must have been at the early age of thirty. His clarion philosophy of nonviolence and nonresistance, coupled with his doctrine of love as the way of life, manifests the distilled essence of the age-old Buddha. A negative infiltration from the far-off East was lifted and transposed into a positive fountain of social dynamic and personal holiness. It is the one great truth that can change the world from a welter of greedy exploitation into a society of brothers and a family of God.

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

How much did the exotic Essenes, in the land that cradled him, contribute to the sudden emergence of this immortal proclamation?

Three historians of that period, Pliny the Elder, Philo, and Josephus, all record the doings of that interesting monastic order of the Jews called the Essenes. They first appeared about 160 B.C. The historians claim that they were the first society in the world to renounce slavery in theory and in practice; they enforced complete community of goods; they renounced marriage, but adopted children when very young so as to train them in their own ascetic technique. They had profound sympathy with Greek philosophy and certainly they were Orientalists. Mostly agriculturists, they were scattered throughout the small villages, though some of the authorities disagree, and speak of a colony on the shores of the Dead Sea. All recruits had to be adults from the outside world, if the adoption of children were not sufficient. At the final initiation, all private property was surrendered to the order.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

They scorned riches and pleasure; and the color of their garments was always white. They spent much time in meditation; even their one simple meal a day was eaten in absolute silence.

Like the Yogin of India, whom they seem to resemble, they lived to a great age and were superior to pain and to fear. Their oaths were severe: to reverence the Deity; to wound no man voluntarily, or at the command of others; to oppose the unjust and to assist the just.

Like the modern Quakers, they cheerfully underwent, during the Roman wars, agonizing tortures, rather than break any of the vows of their faith. They revered the sun, like the followers of Zoroaster; they believed the soul was immortal, lured by nature into the prison house of the body, but when released by death, the soul of the good man went to a country of neither rain nor heat. That would rather indicate to me that their philosophy was evolved when they lived in the environs of the suffocating Dead Sea!

Were they the philosophical descendants of

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

Pythagoras, or were their spiritual ancestors from Persia and India? They were a fascinating product of that era of competing religions. An eager, spiritual-minded boy in Nazareth must have had many a talk with them; perhaps he lived with them a year or two. It is said Josephus did in his youth.

Jesus had a discerning genius, born of his Divine Father, as well as of his mystical mother. It is impossible to read Mary's thoughts during pregnancy, and her thoughts about Jesus after his birth, without sensing the fact that she was a woman of the most artistic and passionate devotion. She was devoted to God, and to her son. Jesus had a genius for discerning what was temporal and what was eternal; for knowing what was important and what was insignificant; what was static and what was dynamic. He became, therefore, a personal magnet, a center of discussion, attracting loyal, devoted, intellectual followers on the one hand, and, on the other hand, exciting the fear and envy of opponents who sought to destroy him. He furnished the personal ob-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

ject upon which conflicting philosophies could concentrate their praise or their hatred. He had to die.

A man born in an age like that, with a message like that, could scarcely live. Could he live today? You know that right now, entrenched fascism would execute such a revolutionary leader. It would be done of course by the order of the State and with a flamboyant gesture of legal procedure; but you know that thousands of popular votes could be amassed today to assure the electrocution of a man of such ferment and power. Behold the denunciations of static die-hards who rave against every prophet who demands that the world give up war, and that civilized souls should look upon every warring nation as a gangster, a murderer.

The Jesus philosophy is the living issue of modern life. His biography and the story of his struggles reads as though it were written only yesterday. You and I live in a reproduced Palestine. We are the victims of the same passion, the same uncertainty, the same

THE LAND THAT CRADLED HIM

inadequate conceptions of what God and mankind really are. The ferment will not cease until the world lays down its arms and takes up its cross. Christ's message cannot be erased from the human heart. Still lives this radiant incarnation of God, dwelling among men. When somebody strikes him on one cheek, he turns the other; when somebody takes out a sword, he shames him with the eyes of saddened love. He is forever teaching us that the victim becomes the victor.

The land that cradled such a Master of the human heart deserves our ardent reverence and our universal gratitude. But the greatest of all lands will be that favored one that wholly catches his spirit and makes in its social order a country where he can feel completely at home.

III

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

THE IRRESISTIBLE dynamic of the early Christian Church was the absolute conviction in the minds of the eleven disciples, that Jesus was again alive, that he had triumphed over death; that his living spirit and personality went with them everywhere in power and blessing. Ardent belief in his resurrection convinced them of the fact that he was the victorious Son of God; that he was, therefore, not only the Messiah of the Jews but the redeemer of the whole world. That conviction and active faith held them together as an unshatterable, unified group; and sent them out across the nearby world with tongues of victory.

The dark hours of the trial and crucifixion had left them confused, broken, fearful. The expected miracle had not been performed.

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

The disciples disappeared from the scene of defeat, so that not one of them remained to bury his body. This act of love was performed by one who had not been a member of the inner circle. They thought their dreams of a new world would now have to be wiped out. At the call of a high vision they had left everything they possessed and had followed this man Jesus. They had believed him to be the deliverer of Palestine. They had sacrificed for his ideals; with him they had suffered persecution, hardship, toil. Yet the radiance of his personality was such, and the joy of his fellowship such, that their lives were glorified, and the costs were negligible.

They had watched him in such a variety of situations. They had seen him in the synagogue; here he more than held his own with the wisest, for when he spoke, he was unanswerable; in the market place, he was scrupulously fair; the humble homes he transformed into palaces. On the mountaintop he had remained with them long enough to outline his new conception of man's relationship to man,

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

and man's relationship to God. They had risked everything for him, and had staked all they had on his cause. Finally they had come up to the city of Jerusalem for the Passover with high hopes—only to see their master attacked by a cruel mob, and to see the pompous judges condemn him like a criminal. All the legal authorities had declared him to be the enemy of both state and church. He was dragged up to a public gibbet and crucified.

The disciples were stunned. The glory of life was gone. They were once again only insignificant villagers. They had been thinking of themselves as taking a leading part in the new Messianic Kingdom. They were Galileans; Jerusalem was strange to them; it was now a dangerous place for any follower of Jesus. What was there now to do but to go back to the home villages and the old life? Maybe after all they were mistaken; they had carried their devotion too far; the adoration of their master was probably extravagant; perhaps it had all been a huge blunder; the easy, steady, dead-level life would be better,

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

after all. So the disciples slipped out of the hostile city, out through its impressive gates, back to the low roof, the narrow street, the mud wall, the oil wick, the common village.

Two of them were returning along the winding road toward Emmaus, downcast and sad. They were discussing the recent tragic events, when a Stranger caught up with them, and entered into conversation. They did not know who he was, and he did not tell them, but he seemed to know his scriptures, and by an exposition of them he tried to cheer up their spirits; but even this was not wholly sufficient. Arriving at their home village, they asked the Stranger to come in and abide with them, and soon they were reclining about the table for the evening meal. There must have been something very familiar in the way Jesus used his hands; or in blessing the bread, he may have used some of the expressions they had heard on the night of the Last Supper. At any rate, it was just then that they recognized him. But as they were about to embrace him, he vanished from their sight. They leapt to their

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

feet and ran back to Jerusalem crying out, "The Lord is risen." Victorious certainty pulsed through their veins. They burst in upon the other disciples with the startling announcement of their own personal discovery.

Cowed, discouraged, terrified men were transformed by this amazing story. Believe what you may about the nature of the resurrection, and analyze it as you like, belief in its reality filled the world for these disciples. Even Peter, who had felt the disgrace of being one of them so much that he had denied any knowledge of Jesus, became in these few days a man who himself would be willing to face death even as Jesus did. They had now a greater Messiah. They tell of frequent personal appearances during a forty-day period in Galilee, whither most of the eleven had gone. The resurrection had lifted their courage to the sticking point. They were now willing to go boldly to the very city that had crucified the body of their leader. There they would proclaim the provoking fact that his

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

soul went marching on, unscathed, undeterred, more potent.

Changed men! From inferior failures, to flaming messengers, with the most astounding story in history. It must be spread abroad, and this responsibility was theirs alone. This group of transformed Galileans was unbelievably small.

Jesus had spoken to crowds, but the crowds had not become his followers. His message had been too incisively real to draw the Pharisees; it was too dangerously radical to be accepted openly by the masses. Jesus was an outcast. Palestinian society was divided into dogmatic cults, mutually exclusive, like castes. No one could be a Pharisee, plus anything else; no one was an Essene and, at the same time, anything else. If one were a Stoic, he must be that only. Jesus, in his broad-gauged messages, cut across the dogmas of all the cults, and therefore satisfied none of them. The Jews who held the keys of the hierarchy despised him; the Greeks could not believe that this wandering Galilean could teach them

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

anything; to the imperial Romans he was just another agitator for detectives to watch; and the Orientals were sure that he had not delved deep enough into the mysteries. Jesus preached an inclusive message, instead of an exclusive dogma. That is forever his way. If any man today belongs slavishly or dictatorially to a dogmatic, exclusive cult, he cannot belong to the eternal Christ.

There were only a heroic few who could brave the scorn and ostracism that came from following this provocative radical. Many followed for a day, and then sank back into their old easy ways of thinking. Some followed for a week and then deserted him. Crowds would gather on special occasions. On the day that he had fed the five thousand, many must have said, "We, too, will leave all, and follow this miracle worker." But they did not. After seeing him cure a leper, or heal a blind man, or make a lame man walk, many noisily followed along with the disciples. But once back where the crowds were breaking up, where they had to endure the mocking and the sus-

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

picion of a hierarchy or a constabulary, they would flee without a word. When they saw the police of Jerusalem pursuing Jesus, they immediately forsook him. Fascinated, magnetized, for a moment, but too unstable to sustain aggressive loyalty, Jesus' picturesque appearance, his astonishing parables, his shocking truth would hold them for a while. But they were children of a sudden birth and a sudden death; pupils for a day, shouters that soon grew hoarse and dumb.

The story of Jesus' life on earth is a tale soon told. The original Gospel of Saint Mark, expounding the biography of Jesus, is only twenty-six pages in length. It is a mere pamphlet. H. G. Wells requires almost a thousand pages for his autobiography. Any or all of our moderns require hundreds of finely printed pages to analyze their peculiar instincts and to write their more or less insignificant life stories. The facts of Jesus' life are soon told; but the twenty-six pages of biography do not tell the whole truth. Between the lines, underneath the sentences, above

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

the paragraphs, beyond the pages, the incandescent gates swing open, the march of time is filmed, and the highway of man's majestic pilgrimage unfolds before our eyes.

These few men, temporarily cowed by the authorities, had now become an invincible unity. With each advancing day their experience of the Resurrection expanded. "He is alive; we have seen him." Not one of them, from that moment, turned back. On the contrary, they decided that the first important act to be performed was the election of an apostle to take the place of the betrayer, Judas. The ranks must be filled up. No gap must be allowed. There was magical significance in the number twelve. The original pillars must be maintained, as the superstructure became larger in grandeur and glory.

Their message was clarified in their thinking; it took definite shape. First, Jesus was the world's Messiah, proved by his resurrection. That was Jewish. Second, though he had left them, they began to feel his presence. "He is alive and at work in the world." His

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

Presence, the personified immanence of God, was an Oriental concept that fitted naturally into their doctrine. They had experienced this presence as truly as they grasped the resurrection.

The gift of the Spirit took place at the festival of Pentecost, fifty days after the Passover. This feast was like that of our Thanksgiving. The large numbers who joined them in the celebration gave them added enthusiasm. As Peter preached, outlining the message which they must spread abroad in the world, many decided to show their allegiance by joining the community. Pentecost meant to them the descent of the Holy Spirit—the transference of the divine personality into their several personalities. If this personal experience came to them, it could come to others; it could become universal. “As Jesus sent us into the world, so will we send others into the world.” As God came into Christ, so God will be in us. What a revivifying truth! The transference of the presence of God in a perfect Jesus to an

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

imperfect disciple. The Oriental world could understand that.

Out of the heart of Jesus' own words, which they so clearly remembered, they took the picture of a divine kingdom; wrought it into their message, until it became an integral part of it. There was to be a kingdom on earth patterned after the kingdom in heaven. That picture the Romans could understand. They were always boasting about the justice of their rule, no matter over whom they ruled, and always held their government up as a model. They liked to talk in terms of a universal kingdom.

This transforming message was all-inclusive, and breathed the full essence of the civilizations out of which it came:

- (1) The proclamation of the Messiah was Jewish;
- (2) The doctrine of the Presence was Eastern;
- (3) The Divine Spirit transferred to men was Greek;

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

(4) An outward Kingdom was Roman;

(5) The community idea of holding all property in common was a New Society, neither Jewish nor Greek, neither Roman nor Oriental, but to include all of them. It was to be a Democracy of God, here upon earth, God dwelling with earth-men.

Perhaps these early disciples did not sense at first the fact that they were founding a new religion. They had no intention of establishing an ascetic community like the Essenes, withdrawing entirely from the world. They had a world-embracing message. They expected a new earth-world, through divine intervention in the affairs of men by the return of the risen Christ. Many historians explain the system of holding property in common by the fact that the disciples believed no one in the fast-approaching heavenly kingdom would need possessions. They met daily during these times. They fed on the encouragement and enthusiasm that comes from complete communion among those of like belief.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

The developing clash between their conception of religion and that of Judaism became acute. The Apostles continued to visit the Temple, as the story in the Book of Acts reveals; but they became increasingly conscious of its suffocation of spirit. Jesus had instilled in them a spiritual attitude toward all of life; he had imbued them with the belief that they had a message for all men everywhere. Soon they would have to part company with orthodox Judaism.

“There were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven.” These were the Hellenistic Jews of the Dispersion, who had been forced out into all the capitals and metropolitan centers of the world. They had learned Greek or other languages necessary for life abroad. They had acquired Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Oriental culture. They were devout Jews, but Jews with a Hellenistic spirit, which meant a liberal, cosmopolitan attitude. They were curious to hear what these followers of Jesus had to say. The Christian message appealed to many of

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

them, and some of the greatest converts came from this group. Stephen was one of this class.

Hellenists, like Stephen, caught the universal scope of the message of Christ more quickly than the Jews who had never left their country. They became intelligent believers and powerful advocates. Stephen's apology is so concise and so piercing that even other Hellenists, like the unconverted Saul, feared it, and aided in stoning Stephen to death. Some of the advocates were publicly scourged, tortured, in an attempt to make them curse the name of Jesus.

This has been repeated many times during the centuries. In recent years probably the Boxer rebellion approached that kind of persecution most accurately. During this past winter there has been a young woman from China here in America, an educated Christian Chinese, who saw her father and mother murdered by the Boxers. Her sister was tortured in an attempt to make her stamp on the piece of paper on which Jesus' name was written.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

That was more revolting in Chinese culture than mere cursing. The inherent reverence for the written characters in China would make trampling on the written page doubly abhorrent.

Stephen's death revealed to the Hellenistic disciples of the new faith that the break with orthodox Judaism was inevitable. Stephen, like Saul, had been a student of Gamaliel. He was a man of influence and power. He believed in this new religion so deeply that he was willing to die for it; he refused to trim his message, even to save his life. This tragedy of Stephen's death brought the sect and their faith out into the open. Publicity with a vengeance! It was no longer a quiet community within the Jewish faith. It was a flaming, new, aggressive, passionate, provocative religion.

Persecution began to be more general, scattering the followers into all parts of the world. In those days everybody learned a trade or a skill, as a part of his cultural education; as these skilled men went forth, they established

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

little communities patterned as nearly as possible after the original one at Jerusalem. Every one who had experienced the power of the Holy Spirit became an evangelist, no matter what the trade by which he earned his living.

That is an ideal pattern for us still. No religion will ever permeate the world whose followers in all occupations do not take seriously the need of sharing with their fellow men their own experience of God, and their ideal for the family of God on earth. To some extent the Mohammedan traders down through Africa are doing just that. And to the extent that every Mohammedan trader is a missionary, just so far is Africa becoming Mohammedan. And Mohammedanism, by this lay method, is making more converts there today than any other religion.

Stephen's orthodox accusers based their condemnation upon his abrogation of the law. "Stephen is abrogating the law," they cried. But why did they think he was abrogating the law? Because, and only because, he lifted the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

law above mere legalism, as Paul did later. He made the law what someone has called a dynamic oracle. The law is a living thing, not a dead, changeless code. When God says not to steal, then carry the implication further and divide your goods with other people. When God says to accept no usury, then transcend the mere law by sharing capital without any interest charges whatever. He made the law dynamic; lifted it above legalism; in consequence he was killed.

Saul, his fellow Hellenist, stood there at the city gate and beheld his own spiritual and intellectual brother stoned to death. Behold the subsequent vision of Saul on the way to Damascus; his conversion after arrival. The germ of Saul's conversion was put into his life at the martyr-death of Stephen. This man Saul, as he went on his way to Damascus, must have asked himself over and over again: "Was it fair, or unfair?" It is like that always. If you are in doubt, and ask in rhythmic repetition whether certain things are right or wrong, God comes to reveal the truth to you. Every

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

time you are in despair and cry out against injustice; every time you sincerely seek the real truth behind events, God enters your soul, in some revealing way. That is the reason Saul saw the vision of the living Jesus, and heard his voice, on the way to Damascus. It was no more a miracle then than it is now. The scales of blind doubt fell from Saul's eyes. Bigoted passion had carried him too far. His very intelligence brought a reaction. Should he keep this thing up? Was it fair to kill more of them? They died like Heroes. Perhaps they spoke the truth after all!

In this connection I recall a vivid story that came to me in my early twenties in India. It is the story of an Oriental torchbearer in the battle of good against evil. Instead of having a flag or a trumpet at the head of the priestly army, there was a torchbearer, who ran on ahead, holding high the burning flame. When he rushed toward the enemy, the burning pillar of fire lighted and led the forces on. He took more risk than anyone else. He was even ahead of the general. Suddenly a spear from

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

the enemy struck the boy and he fell. But, falling, he still kept the torch upright; he stuck the staff into the ground, and held it there, in spite of his agonizing wound. Suddenly one of the enemy, in the very front of the enemies' lines, saw the young man writhing in torture; saw, too, that he would not let go the torch. Then he heard the young man's voice saying, "Somebody take the torch! If only I had not fallen! Do not stop! Somebody take up the torch!" It was too much for the emotional Oriental enemy. He stooped and said, "My boy, give me the torch. I will turn rightabout-face and carry it aloft in the opposite direction." Just when the torch-bearer was about to lay down his torch in the moment of death, the converted bearer grasped it from fingers of despair, and the army of the good went on to victory.

The Christian Hellenist disciple, Stephen, when he died, passed on the torch of the message of Jesus Christ to his old schoolmate. Saul became Paul. The martyr-interpreter from rural Philistia gave the torch to the man

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

from Philistia's capital, Tarsus. Paul became the world-interpreter of the faith.

With the conversion and aggressive missionary apostleship of Paul, a new technique of church policy sprang unconsciously into being. The Church in Jerusalem became the reservoir of truth, while the traveling apostles dug new channels and widened the streams of influence throughout the world. A sort of spiritual supreme court, or supporting body, at home—and missionary preachers abroad. The message began under the Jewish limitations and laws. Contact with other cultures modified and enhanced it. There must be constant adjustment for survival and expansion. Read the fifteenth chapter of Acts for a stimulating illustration of how this pendulum-system strengthened, broadened, and heightened Christianity. Discoveries abroad were interpreted at home, and new elements incorporated into the consolidated dogma.

This interplay of conservation and expansion made Christianity secure in the early years, and makes it secure today.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

First, the freedom of every messenger to proclaim and to interpret, even to the preaching of revolutionary doctrines; a constructive missionary; or a fiery evangelist; or a roving teacher.

Second, at home, in Jerusalem, a solid church as a supreme court, but sworn to an enlarging, regenerating truth. They were sworn by their very loyalty to Jesus as their Christ to put the best interpretation upon the disturbing message of the heretic; not to outcast him, but to support him, to correct him, or to interpret his tangential message in the light of the whole body of Christian truth.

It has been the twofold power of Christianity from that day to this—freedom in proclamation, and interpretation, even to revolutionary implications; and at home an organized church, as the associated defenders of the truth. James was the leader at home; Peter the apostle to the suburban areas; John a bit farther away, and Paul the ambassador to the remoter regions abroad, in other lands. A dynamic church at home; magnetic personal-

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

ities abroad. Every time the pendulum swings back home it drops new sparks of electric energy into the home society; and every time it swings out again to some circumference point it drops distilled light into receptive souls. Eternal interplay of forces!

After the destruction of Jerusalem, some seventy years after Christ, a great change came over the Church. The disciples were scattered all over the earth. They went to Antioch, the capital of Syria; to Ephesus; to Corinth; to Alexandria; and to Cyprus. They spread over the whole Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Oriental worlds.

The repercussion of this forced ejection was like the explosion of vast stores of dynamite. Every catapulted disciple landed on his feet, kept his poise, enlarged his vision, and preached his message with enhanced power.

Churches sprang up in Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Alexandria; Cyprus, Persia, Damascus. These new local churches made possible a creative variety of interpretation and application of the truth. This enforced dispersion

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

decentralized the home church. Jerusalem became one of many local churches with local bishops, elders, ministers, scattered all over the world. Yet the same sustaining system of organization prevailed; a central local church with authority, and evangelists sent forth to the surrounding areas, returning to report and to receive new inspiration.

The new religion was no longer looked upon as merely a reformed Jewish sect. The followers began to be designated by other names. In Antioch they were called "Christ-ians." That Greek name was first used to mark them as peculiar. They did not themselves adopt it at the beginning. It was thrust upon them in courts and market places. Older cults hurled it at them. The word, "Christ-ian-oi," meant avowed adherents of the new Christ. They were lifted out of the Jewish orbit into a distinct planetary significance.

In the name of Christ they proclaimed a new community on earth like the one to come in heaven. They announced that there was no nationality involved in their religion, or in

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

their community. There was a strong group remaining in Jerusalem; new groups in Cyprus, Alexandria, Corinth, Ephesus, Antioch, and other capitals.

There was no clear-cut organization of national life in those days. Imperialism enlarged and consolidated the political control, leaving national units as Provinces, and making provision for imperial citizenship regardless of the residence of nationals within the empire limits. Therefore, these early Christians became international, interracial, and inter-religious groups called Christians everywhere: adherents or followers of the newly proclaimed Christ. Their proclamation of a new community patterned after the one to come in heaven caused some of the current scholars to call them futurists; people who looked to a future society. They were also called "City-of-Godians," those who said the city of God would come to earth; they were called "perfect-ians," a people who believed they might, without immodest boastfulness, make perfection their aim.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

They established a new community; and refused to bow to any particular government, to any particular race, or to any particular warlord. It was a brotherhood, a co-operation, a democracy of saints, a city of God. Thus were they rapidly developing and solidifying the truth. They conceived themselves to be ruled by a divine father, God. This new community was to be peopled by brothers, bound together by God's elder son, Jesus Christ, and mystically guided by the Holy Spirit. This threefold Truth became the symbol of the new community, patterned after the City of God in Heaven.

The long incubation period of building the doctrine, the creed, the constitution of truth, had begun.

Paul had created the first great controversy, back in Jerusalem, when the wide question was raised as to whether the Holy Spirit was bestowed on all believers, or only on those who conformed to Jewish law. Paul declared that the Holy Spirit bestowed itself on every believer.

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

There was a second tense controversy when a great question was raised by Peter as to whether Jesus was or was not the supreme Lord or Master. The ancient word "Lord" represents the influence of Eastern religions. You will find in ancient Hinduism the use of Master, ascended Master, Lord. There were "Lords" in the Egyptian, in the Persian, and in most other Oriental mystery religions. Here is a name applied to Oriental divinities finding its way into this offshoot of the Jewish religion. A "Lord" was above a mere god, a higher commander. He was a Being who could personally absorb, control, and distribute the influence of the divine Spirit. Above the pantheon of sectarian gods was "a Master, a Lord." Now *was* Jesus, or was he *not* THE Lord?

Two great doctrines were developing in the historic creed. First, Paul insisting that the Holy Spirit falls on every one, master and slave, Greek and Roman, Jew and Persian, Indian and Egyptian, who accepts Christ, without reference to the sectionalized laws of

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

any one group. And second, Peter insisting that Jesus was the ultimate Lord over all. Their baptismal requirement was, "If you believe in your heart that Jesus Christ is Lord, and that he rose from the dead, be baptized in that faith."

Barnabas and Paul presented a voluntary and idealized slavery to Christ as Lord. From that developed a spiritualizing doctrine of personal experience, the marks of the Lord Jesus. "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." "I absorbed the very crucifixion nail-prints on the body of Jesus." "I am Christ in so far as my limitation will allow." "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." That is the high doctrine of the possibility of an earthly disciple achieving spiritual incarnation, and being branded with Christ's symbol of ownership.

Clement of Alexandria gave us, a hundred and fifty years later, the doctrine of applied Christian ethics or morality. "There is no place in Christianity for the greedy; for the falsifiers, the hypocrites, or the exploiters of

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

men. Men must be brothers." It is the first clear social note, following the necessitous acceptance by the early church of the fact that the expected end of the world would not come immediately. A cataclysmic second coming of Jesus, to establish the new City of God, and to judge the pagan world, had not materialized. Therefore, an adjustment to life in an unregenerated social order became imperative. Little by little they gave up the strict holding of all possessions in common. Christians were of necessity participating in the arts and the professions, in trade and government. What kind of social ethic could sustain the Christian character and at the same time allow intercourse with the world as a whole? A period of more than two hundred years, including Clement's era, occupied the minds of Christian sociological theologians in developing the Christian doctrines of the social order.

Come down through the years from Clement of Alexandria to Constantine, the first Christian emperor, approximately three hundred years after Christ. The social and doctrinal

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

situation was radically affected by the legalization of Christianity as an official imperial religion. Vast changes of outlook and of social conceptions took place. The mind of the Church was intoxicated with sudden accession of power; the slave became, overnight, the master.

Under the co-operative rule of Constantine and Licinius the historic Edict of toleration was issued. It was worded as follows:

“When we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors, had an interview at Milan, and conferred together with respect to the good and security of the common weal, it seemed to us that amongst those things that are profitable to mankind in general, the reverence paid to the Divinity merited our first and chief attention, and that it was proper that the Christians and all others should have liberty to follow that mode of religion which to each of them appeared best; . . . for it befits the well-ordered state and the tranquillity of our times that each individual be allowed, according to his own choice, to worship the Divinity; and

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

we mean not to derogate aught from the honor due to any religion or its votaries."

Before Constantine there were terrible persecutions, especially under Diocletian, who immediately preceded him. Edicts were published permitting officials to burn down Christian churches and to harass every Christian in the Empire. The Christians congregated in caves, crypts, and catacombs to worship. This very persecution, and the destruction that followed, led out into a victorious Christianity. They built more elaborate churches than before, and adopted a regal pageantry of ritual. Public worship became the most colorful event in the lives of the people. It was like a perpetual coronation. It was the processional march with the cross of Jesus going on before. The cross was carried aloft by crucifers in richly embroidered vestments; a victorious pageant. They were triumphant. They no longer worshiped in caves. They that cringed in fear now marched with banners.

But, in cave or in cathedral, in monastery or in market place, in hut or in palace, in de-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

feat or in victory, one continuing process was ever at work—the nurturing of the doctrine and message of Christ. It was explained, enlarged, defined, expounded, extolled, debated; perfected bit by bit. Like some hidden leaven, the Spirit of God seemed always at work—making men think, and work, and speak, and write—preparing for each expanding era the adaptation of eternal truth to the need of the hour.

Thus came the creed, the philosophy, the message, which was the result of the long incubation through all these centuries: “I believe in God, the Father Almighty; in Jesus Christ, his Son, very God and very man.” By gradual adaptation, a philosophy of life was finally developed into one of the most impregnable hypotheses the world has ever experienced. Whether or not you believe every word of the Christian creeds, our general idea of God and man is capable of application to all phases of scientific, intellectual, and economic truth. In these years of incubation the Church developed such a message as can be

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

carried, in glorious variants, by every modern missionary to the ends of the earth.

A creed is simply a confession of faith, a statement of doctrine, an authoritative summary of what, in general, we believe.

The first great creedal council at Nicaea in 325 A.D. debated Christ's nature. Was he completely God, or completely man, or a merging of the two? Its decision was debated by succeeding generations for several centuries. There have been held twenty Ecumenical Councils from Nicaea down to Trent in 1563, where, at the dawn of the modern world, the scholars debated, revised, and defined the Christian faith.

One dare not call anybody a real heretic, not even the most radically inclined, because the truth about God, and about Jesus Christ, is as wide as the sea, as high as the sky, as broad as human nature. Let us go back to Augustine, who, in his early day, said, "Let every good and true Christian understand that the truth, wherever he finds it, belongs to his Lord; for his Lord is the Lord of Truth."

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Other great creedal councils followed that of Trent, and are yet being held.

With the coming of the enlightened era that loosened the gripping hand of the Roman Empire, loomed the dawn of the Reformation, following the Renaissance. All of these cyclonic changes caused a general shifting and enlarging of the Christian message. Only a changing religion is a lasting religion. You cannot say that all who do as you do are Christians, and that all who do not are unchristian.

Always there is that living pendulum, swinging over to the great prophets who go out as liberal interpreters, and swinging back to the more orthodox body, at home, conserving and molding the embodied tenets of the universal faith.

Let me here declare that, if I had the chance to do it, I would not crush the Roman Catholic Church; if I had the power to do it, I would not crush the Greek Orthodox Church; my recent trip through Russia brought pain to my soul as I saw a temporarily victorious atheism reach forth powerful hands to snuff out the light; if I had the power to do it, I would not

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

crush any Church, orthodox or exotic, powerful or weak. And furthermore, if I had the power to do it, I would not crush the Buddhist religion, nor the Hindu, nor the Moslem, for they are parts of universal truth. If we are so afraid of their intelligence, or their seeming superstition, that we imagine they will defeat the ultimate purpose of Jesus Christ, then we do not believe in the divinity and in the universality of the message of Christ. My experienced faith in the universality of the message of Jesus Christ is such that I would trust him anywhere among other religions; if I could destroy them with one word, I would not speak it. They will each contribute truth that in the end will make life richer and more Christian.

There is always that pendulum. James at home in Jerusalem; Paul at large. The heresy of today becomes, as so often said, the orthodoxy of tomorrow. The heretic burned today lights up the sky for the Saint of tomorrow. It took fifteen hundred years to incubate the message into an all-round philosophy of life.

I heard the other day an interesting lecture

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

on the development of mechanical incubation. When the mother hen, sitting on her nest of eggs, leaves them every now and then to wander in search of food, she unconsciously allows the atmosphere to save the fertile eggs from death. In the development of the mechanical process of incubation, the inventors learned that constant temperature, unless there be some allowance for little draughts of air to enter to keep things fresh, will kill the pregnant germ. All developing life is dependent upon air, breathed in from the atmosphere. Truth is everywhere; man will never develop a great church, or a great life, or even a great nation, if he suffocates the truth. Brittle castings may be molded by pressure, but life requires breath.

We are living again in an age of heterodoxy. A thousand babbling propagandists reach out over the trackless air, making a bid for our ears. We cannot move fast enough; we cannot fly high enough; that which seemed solidly secure is disintegrating. Today, this emphasis; tomorrow, that. Youth, disillusioned, asks, What does anything matter? Prophets

THE CHURCH THAT NURTURED HIM

of pessimism declare that civilization is fast coming to an end. Prophets of optimism believe that we are only now beginning the true civilization for all men. Heretofore we have worshiped an Unknown God. He is now revealed to us. Will he not bring order out of chaos, if he is recognized as the God of all men, everywhere? There is only one way toward the Kingdom of God on earth, and that is the Unity of mankind. It may mean the sacrifice of sectional ideas; it may mean the sacrifice of some of our possessions, some of our national glory, and some of our racial conceit.

Ideas are no longer bound by mountains, nor divided by seas. The Unknown God, whom all religions have worshiped, is now made known to all. When his truth, through the Universal Christ, is accepted and lived, all divisions and all walls will be seen to have been temporary. We have been going to school to Jesus; we have called ourselves children of God. It is time we were reaching our majority as citizens of God's democracy.

IV

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

THE UNIVERSALITY of the Christian Message was inherent in the truth which Jesus gave to the disciples. He thought in world terms, in his years of meditation; and especially during his forty days of fasting. Otherwise he could not have been tempted when worldly ambition showed him all the kingdoms of the earth. When the Magdalene expressed her Oriental soul by extravagant use of perfumes, Jesus rebuked the jealous disciples, saying that wherever this gospel should be preached throughout the whole world, this story should be a part of it. When as a climax, after his resurrection, he told them to go forth and to teach all nations, this commission came as no surprise. During the three years they had

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

been with him, he had been interpreting his parables to them by such phrases as "The field is the world."

Paul early caught the implications of the world-wide brotherhood of man. On Mars' Hill to the Greeks he explained that God had made of one blood all nations of men. And again to the Ephesians he declared that Christ had broken down the walls of partition between races. An interracial gospel became paramount.

The early missionary expansion of the message was made imperative whenever and wherever the Christians moved about in that part of the world. As they went, they made disciples, just as Jesus had done before them. Men of all trades and of all professions were a very real part of this early expansion. Every caravan that went to and fro, back and forth, over the borders, counting lay Christians among its number, was like an evangelistic tour. There were Christian merchants, Christian middlemen and commercial magnates. These men left converts to the new

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

faith wherever they went. These converts, in turn, became the nucleus of a new church.

The Roman Emperors were constantly sending forth their soldiers into farther and farther regions. Always among the ranks of the soldiers and officers were followers of Christ, who shared their convictions with their fellow soldiers and with the conquered peoples among whom they would be stationed. Many soldiers retired in the foreign countries in which they had been stationed, for distances were great and travel a hardship. Here they would settle down on a grant of land and found a Christian community. It is said that Roman soldiers were the first Christian messengers and interpreters of the Christian faith in the British Isles. Certainly, the march of Christianity was westward. The vast East was forgotten, save by a few, among them the Nestorian missionaries, who got as far as the province of Honan in the interior of China, and there established themselves. The Church did not live, however, long after the Nestorians died; but they left their Creed carved in stone, rubbings of which may be had even today.

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

Some of the most permanent missions in the world have been founded incidentally by captains or lieutenants or privates in conquering armies ordered abroad by imperial powers for the selfish purpose of subjugating other peoples. War was the order of the day. Once among these peoples, the true Christians began to feel the warmth of humanity, revealing their own sin in killing men. They would identify themselves with the new peoples, establishing schools, building churches, and organizing Christian communities. The same movement manifested itself among commercial representatives.

During our recent missionary generation, numbers of such instances have occurred. A few years ago a radiant Christian missionary passed away who came to his mission in this incidental manner. He had been born of prosperous European parents. Once out of the university, the lure of far-away lands gripped him, and the home country appeared humdrum. The spirit of commercial adventure absorbed him. He contracted his services to a

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

firm of idol-makers. Europe has surpassed all the world in foreign trade. She has copied exquisite, hand-carved Buddhas, and manufactured them so that the Orientals can buy them cheaper than they themselves can carve them. All the grotesque idols of the Hindus she has copied. Many a steamer sails even now from Christian Europe to the Orient with its cargo of idols.

This young man sailed with such a cargo, and set out to sell more idols to the people of India than any young salesman had ever sold before. Upon his arrival in Bombay he found himself a member of a fast-living European community. During the day, the men of the community bartered with the Indians; this particular youth bartered his shining idols. His business was growing by leaps and bounds. In the long evenings, over the week-ends, and on the many holidays, the European community left the world of India, and closed itself in with a social insulation that protected it from the touch of the Indian world outside. But this man's very love of adventure lured

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

him to desire a closer look at the Hindu and his customs.

One suffocating Sunday evening he was wandering about the Indian streets when he heard the singing of hymns familiar to his music-loving memory. He had heard some of those very melodies in Europe. He approached the steps of the church timidly, entered, and sat down on a back seat. The church was filled. A white man was preaching, and in the English language. His words were stirring. After the Bishop had finished his sermon, the cultured voice of an Indian minister was heard exhorting his people. The words of this Indian were like arrows, each one of which seemed aimed at the seller of idols who sat on the back seat. He hung his head and left the church, a bewildered soul.

For days he wandered about the streets of Bombay. He saw himself as the high-pressure salesman that he was; he saw his firm back home, building more machines to make more idols; he saw steamers delivering every fortnight their cargoes of brass idols. He saw this

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

man of God, helping the people of India to throw away their religious crutches, and to worship God in spirit and in truth. When his enlightenment was complete, he left the hypocritical European community; he resigned from his idol-selling job; then went to the Bishop and offered his talents and his life to help India find a better way. An adept at languages, he became a flaming evangel for a score of years until he passed away.

From the early days of the Christian era, the carriers of the message came from secular fields as well as that of the professional missionary. They were men of all talents; missionaries of the voice, who interpreted the message with passionate clarity and produced conviction; and missionaries of the pen. It is impossible to overestimate the value to the whole world, past and present, of these apostles of the pen who began at once to set forth the logic of the Christian faith in writing; who by letters revealed their experiences in Christ. These essays were always translated into the other living languages of the Greco-Roman

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

world, and thus an effective unity of Christianity was made possible. There were missionaries of the heart, who stirred the emotions of the Church when lethargic indifference held sway; missionaries of the mind have always accompanied missionaries of the heart, establishing schools. For as the early founders of the Church looked back upon their years with Jesus, they realized that he had been a peripatetic teacher, whose pupils were always beside him. His school was located wherever he sat down and talked to them about elemental truth.

True to their sense of the world mission of Christianity, the Apostles scattered to the ends of the earth. Many went into Rome; Paul centered in Athens; Mark went as a missionary down into Egypt; and St. Thomas went to far-off India. I think we can accept the tradition that St. Thomas is buried in India; that he early crossed the great Khyber Pass, going down through Southern Asia, and finally reaching Madras. The thought is impressive, that Thomas, who at first was so doubtful

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

about the reality of the resurrection, should later have become so convinced of it that he journeyed to this far country and there lived and died while spreading the Good News. Few Christians, of any race, pass through Madras without climbing the hill to look lovingly at the spot where St. Thomas is thought to have been buried. A link, this, of undying unity between those first apostles, who walked beside the person of Jesus, and the people of that vast religious country who seem so ready to take upon themselves the spiritual likeness of Christ.

Jesus was a teacher who left behind him trained disciples; so everywhere missionaries of the mind have followed his method by founding schools. First, there was the need of scholars in the development of the creeds; later, during the Renaissance, schools were founded throughout Italy, across Southern Europe, then in England, Germany, and later on in America; and, in modern days, in Asia. It is a significant fact that down through all the history of man, religion, even though it has

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

been declared in every generation to be a superstition, has founded most of the great universities in the world. Take America. The first colleges of America were founded by the Church, by ministers, later on to be taken over by States and by large privately endowed directors. There was Harvard, founded as early as 1636; then Yale, and Princeton, and later a network of Christian colleges across the country founded by the Churches. You may call the roll of the great universities of the world, ancient and modern, and they have, for the most part, been founded by the Church; later on, of course, taken over by increasingly conscientious secular powers; not wholly secular, because the roots of education are in the heart as well as in the head.

During the sixth century following Jesus there was a captivating religious development that one scarcely knows whether to criticize or to praise—the rise of Islam. These two powerful movements, Christianity and Moham-
medanism, were both based upon doctrines that came out of the Greco-Roman world; Mo-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

hammedanism, fatalistic in philosophy, Christianity, expansive in philosophy; one more powerful in some ways than the other; the second more powerful in some ways than the first. It is an odd fact that in the one city of Jerusalem we find the home of Judaism, the home of Islam, and the home of Christianity. These are the most aggressive and dynamic religions the world has known; they all originated in a single religious city at the heart of the Greek and Roman worlds.

It is not my purpose to compare these religions, but I believe that one of the greatest gifts that Mohammedanism ever gave to Christianity was its opposition. Mohammedanism was consolidated in the East, and that drove organized Christianity into the West. That meant that Christianity became the religion of the Renaissance, of the Reformation. Christianity became the religion of science, of a new cosmic conception. It would seem that ultimately this idealistic conception of a universal Christ may capture the imagination of all religions, simply because he became the ex-

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

ample of the thinkers who, more than any others, ushered in the era of science and sociology. This representation of a scientific incarnation of mind and soul; that man, that God, that Spirit—however you wish to name him—may become universal, whether we all belong to one church or one religion or many. I believe it was the will of God that Christianity turn its face to the West. Jesus, as the incarnation of the Word of God, will become more universal than any other personal representation of truth, because Christianity, by an interesting fortune, became the religion of Europe and later on the religion of America, thence to be carried in new forms again to Asia and Africa.

For hundreds of years the world-mission of the message of Jesus was submerged in the organized expansion of the Church on the continent of Europe. The Church became imperially minded and its ambitions were those of an imperial power. The Crusades can never be regarded as a missionary movement. They were military expeditions. The Crusades were

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

a long-drawn-out war, and the entire Crusade period must be placed in the long era during which creeds and faith and message were being hammered into firmer forms.

Christianity and Mohammedanism both sharpened their messages and their technique on the grindstone of friction. One did not destroy the other. That is an arresting fact that we must always take into account. You never completely destroy anything. Often the victim becomes the victor. The Christian Crusades did not kill Mohammedanism. There are more Mohammedans in the world today ~~than~~ ever before. Even the world-wide missions of ~~Christianity~~ have not destroyed or supplanted other living religions. There are more Confucianists in the world today than ever before, more Buddhists than ever before, more Hindus. These are growing religions. They are alive and at work. If the impact of Christianity has had any great influence, and it *has* had, it is not necessarily in the complete conversion of the old religions into Christianity, nor in the destruction of other philoso-

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

phies of life and ideals. It is rather that Jesus Christ, through his messengers, has so permeated other religions, that all culture, all service, all life is made richer. I would rather have the India of today with the new currents flowing through Mohammedanism, with the vast reform movements in Hinduism, than to have the India of the pre-Christian era. I would rather have the China of today with its New-Life Movements than the China of the pre-missionary era. We do not need to convert everybody. We convert enough. There are hundreds of thousands of baptisms every year, among the masses and in the educated areas. In every country you will find them. They come by the thousand to be baptized in the name of Jesus. But even where they are not actually baptized, many become students and advocates of the philosophy of Jesus. Tagore and Gandhi are really products of Christian missions, though they have never been baptized and perhaps never will be. They have enriched their Hindu mysticism through the Christian philosophy of life.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Hindu reformers are turning the face of all India away from yesterday's superstitions to tomorrow's glory of scientific living. There are thousands of them who have never been baptized, who will not call themselves Christians, yet they are vital interpreters of the Christian way of life; they are acknowledged devotees of Christ; in every act and thought they transcend many baptized Christians.

There are millions of people in the modern world who actually in heart and mind and spirit are Christians, who have never had the formal hand of any minister or priest laid upon them. That is especially true in America. Be very careful that you do not divide modern America into secular and religious, and say that because a university emphasizes chemistry, physics, and astronomy, it is therefore Godless. Do not say that your State University, because all of its professors are not enrolled actively in a Christian Church, is therefore not Christian; and the same as to public High Schools. There is a permeation of spirituality in all our modern life, secular

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

and sacred, artistic and scientific; the permeation of the Language of God—the incarnated Christ. God is able to incarnate his spirit in a social movement as well as in a personality, and today you are seeing the beginning of what will be called mass-incarnation. That is the unique phenomenon of our modern life.

A refreshing burst of great missionary philosophy appears back at the end of the thirteenth century and early in the fourteenth. The Christians had become very conscious of the Mohammedans. The Crusades were so recently over. They had killed with such religious fervor. The one redeeming feature of the Crusades, from the viewpoint of the universality of Christianity, was the fact that Europeans began to take an interest in the people and the countries outside of Europe. They became willing to accept some of the architecture, and the culture, of Moslem countries. Raymond Lull appeared on the eve of the Renaissance. He was a Spanish philosopher. Thinking of the Mohammedans scattered over many lands, he declared there was a

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

better way of winning them than to terrify them by military power, and then force them to be Christians at the end of a sword. The better way was to have all Christians, beginning with the Church leaders, address themselves to the task of learning the religious, cultural, and language backgrounds of the people they wished to evangelize. They might even try loving them instead of hating them—for the Crusades had aroused a hatred not known before. If in our modern Christian missions we had followed the leadership of that early giant missionary, Raymond Lull, in our approach to other peoples, and to other religions, we should have been farther ahead.

About three hundred years after Lull came Xavier, one of the most powerful apostles that Christianity has ever had. Francis Xavier was a Jesuit and a co-founder, with Loyola, of the order. John the Third, King of Portugal, was at that time the practical ruler of the Eastern World, and he appointed Xavier to evangelize the people of the East Indies. That was a tremendous appointment. But,

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

backed by the power of the great Portuguese Empire, it did not seem an impossible task. Portugal was paramount; her only rival was Spain. She was taking ports in every land, on every sea, and as she conquered ports and peoples, she built little churches for her officials.

Under the aegis of the great John the Third, this young Spanish priest landed in Goa in 1542. History pictures him walking slowly through the streets of the quiet, hot Indian villages ringing a little bell to arrest their attention in order to tell them his story. He was an intrepid traveler, even in those difficult days. After three years on the Malabar coast he journeyed on to Ceylon, to Singapore, to Malacca, and on up to Japan. He studied the languages, following the method of Lull. In Japan his immediate success was greater even than at Goa; thousands accepted the new religion. But Xavier, great in spirit as he was, erred as an imperialist, a Cross-bearing imperialist. He fell short of the ideals of Raymond Lull, in that he ferociously attacked

other religions and cultures; he never understood them, no matter how long he lived among them. Like the Conquistadores of that period, he was a spearhead of the imperial power which had sent him forth. He used the force and coercive method of the Inquisition. In Japan, the after-result was a devastating edict that declared: "These (missionaries) must be instantly swept out, so that not an inch of soil remains to them in Japan on which to plant their feet; and if they refuse to obey this command, they shall suffer the penalty—Let Heaven and the Four Seas hear this. Obey!"

And that edict was not withdrawn until 1868. His coercive missionary victories probably had much to do with the downfall of the Portuguese Empire. Xavier's ambitions equaled and perhaps outdid those of his emperor. Driven out of Japan, his next ambition was to enter China. Prohibited from the mainland of the Middle Kingdom, he was biding his time on a little island, where he was taken ill, and in a crude hut, built to shelter him, he died. His body was carried back to

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

India and buried at Goa. He was young still—only forty-six years old, and full of holy zeal. I have stood at Goa, beside the great tomb, and have lifted my hat in reverent memory of a great missionary; he was the hard product of his age, but one of the most stupendous apostles of Christianity that the world has ever known.

While Xavier, in Portugal, was looking yearningly toward the world outside, over in Germany there came the thunderous dawn of the era of Martin Luther. The renaissance in intellectual life and art had prepared the way for this astounding reformer.

The mystics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had become gradually conscious of their duty to scatter the truth which they held, to all the people, and they had little by little evolved a prophetic school system. Their aim had been to give religious training, and their method was to increase the number of books. "The Brethren of the Common Life" is the best known of these groups, and Luther is said to have spent one of his impressionable years

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

in one of their schools. These Brethren supported themselves, not by an alms-bowl, as so many mystics have done and still do, but by copying manuscripts and selling them to the people as they taught them. The head brother would sit before his class of students and read slowly an old classic from the original Greek or Latin or Hebrew or Arabic or Persian. Often as the students copied them, they translated them into the then spoken languages. The Brethren traveled about from village to village, as the Buddhist monks do today; they wore a yellow or saffron scarf, probably a carry-over from the peripatetic teaching-priests of India. They lived as ascetics, but traveled widely throughout Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Germany. The yellow scarf was their passport. Books and learning, libraries and universities, so increased that the desire for learning spread to the remotest parts of Germany. While they did not take the time to teach everybody to read, they left many people in the villages repeating the great classics, singing great Latin hymns, and so

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

raised the intellectual level and taste of the whole country. They typified Knowledge as a way of life.

Luther combined the qualities of the mystic and the reformer. In that great monument which stands so impressively in the heart of the city of Worms his colossal figure rises high in the center with his back to Rome. As this figure looks out and up, so Luther drew the minds of this period to break away from the old Roman orthodoxy that believed one particular person could speak for all men everywhere in matters of the mind and soul.

Humanists had tried to turn the people's minds away from the fear of Church and clergy, but they failed. They had swung the pendulum to the extreme, declaring that the human mind could redeem *itself*. "One man has one capacity," they said; "another man has another, and by the combined human capacities we can raise ourselves by our own bootstraps." That is only half-truth, for we do not comprehend the whole of life. Luther combined what was valuable in the humanistic

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

movement and what was good in the old orthodoxy. He probably did not at first intend to break away from Rome, but he wanted to free the individual man. Once in Rome visiting all the shrines, he started to climb the *Scala Santa* supposed to be the steps to Pilate's house in Jerusalem over which Jesus walked after he had been condemned. He was climbing up the stairs on his knees, like other pilgrims, when suddenly he remembered "The just shall live by faith," got up from his knees and walked slowly down. He was at once a redeemed and independent soul, and believed that every man could find his way to the divine without priestly crutches.

That was the Lutheran message.

When he revolted again at the sale of indulgences, and nailed the ninety-five theses to the church door, he did not dream that that dramatic act would sweep across Europe like wildfire; but the central continent was ready for it, and eagerly accepted every word of this awakened monk as a mandate.

The individual had been emancipated in

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

religion and mind and life. Regardless of what your attitude may be toward the strenuous Luther movement, our modern era was born in the month of December, 1520. Then began also the new dynamic era of the missionary expansion of the Christian faith.

The designers of the "Wall of the Reformation" in Geneva have shown us how far-reaching this reform movement was. There sit in bas-relief the Pilgrim Fathers signing the peace pact with the Indians before they left the Mayflower. So far had the release of the individual conscience come that the Puritans in England could leave their home and go to virgin country where they might worship God as they felt they must.

The Bible was now in the language of the German people, but that was made possible at great sacrifice. In England, too, William Tyndale was attempting to translate the New Testament into English, the language spoken by the people. But the Bishop of London made the publication impossible. Tyndale therefore went over to Germany to get the help

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

of Luther. This was done, and the German presses published it. Copies had to be smuggled into England, and its sale there was suppressed; the Archbishop bought up all the copies to destroy them. Tyndale became a hunted man. He was finally strangled at the stake and his body burned for heresy. But he was a scholar and a Christian, and had left his mark. His translation formed the basis of later editions. All these forward movements were making ready the path for the later Christian messengers who went out across the world to incarnate the word of God.

William Carey is to most of us the founder of the modern missionary movement. Taking a bird's-eye view of his life, it is a romance. He did so many things we should like to do; he had so many noble characteristics that we should like to have; he had so distant a vision that we have not reached it even yet. He was a cobbler in Northamptonshire, England, and had the lack of formal education that cobblers suffered in those days. But he had a deep religious experience, and he loved to read. He

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

read descriptions of travel—books that were not generally known. As he sat on his bench, hammering pegs into the soles of shoes, he was also peering into the open book by his side. Evenings, after the darkness came, he would still remain at the cobbler's bench, but not making shoes. He was taking the tiny scraps of leather left over from the shoes, and sewing them into a globe. He would see what the world was like! As he read travels, he learned the geography and the religions of the world. He made a world map in the same way, and hung this patchwork leather quilt on the wall of his home, much to his wife's consternation. What did she care for the far-off heathen! She wanted shoes to wear; she wanted potatoes; and she wanted the companionship of her husband. But the young cobbler was illuminated. He was buying Latin Bibles, and Greek New Testaments, and Hebrew texts. He absorbed them. He would someday go to preach to the far-off nations of the world! But first he must preach at home, and this he did, after his week at the bench was over.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

He was a colossus, in mind, in soul, and in Christian statesmanship.

India was the country of his choice. He had become a minister in a Baptist church near his home, and so attended ministers' conventions. When he felt that he had the courage to rise and tell them of his intention to go to India to "Preach the gospel to the heathen," he was shocked at the response of his fellow ministers. Every Sunday-school scholar knows the story of how the brilliant theologian presiding at the convention arose in scorn. He laughed at Carey, the cobbler-minister, and said that when God wanted to save the heathen, he would be able to do it without the help of anybody in England, or any other place.

Carey was not swerved by this rebuff. He walked down to the office of the British East India Company, and asked for passage. They had many boats sailing at frequent intervals, but there he found a greater barrier than among the ministers. The East India Company refused to allow him on any of their boats, and placed in the report of one of their

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

meetings this famous minute: "The sending of missionaries to the heathen nations of the East is the maddest, the most expensive, and the most unwarranted project ever proposed by lunatic enthusiasts." I doubt whether the Church has heard anything worse than that even in these modern days. When, in the twentieth century, we work for the outlawry of war, the establishment of social justice for all, for interracial and international understanding and good-will, and are called "mad," it gives me great comfort to think back to William Carey. A youthful idealist denied passage; his project called expensive and mad, by a monopolizing corporation whose profits were anywhere from two hundred to two thousand per cent.

But Carey found a way. There were Danish boats sailing to the little Danish settlement just above Calcutta in India. He applied for passage, secured it, and sailed. But on arrival at Calcutta, his own English people would not let him land; so he went on up to the Danish settlement, and began his work at

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Serampore. How often I have made the pilgrimage, by oxcart, boat, and automobile, to pay homage to William Carey.

Once there, he began immediately the study of Sanskrit, Persian, and Hindi. He had no missionary Board behind him, so he had to support himself. But it was not by the cobbling of shoes; he discovered that the Hindus would not use leather. He began to acquire land and to plant indigo for dyes, and earned enough income to take care of his own needs and those of the Hindu scholars whom he had gathered about him, for the study of languages and religions. He offered to teach any of these scholars English, if they would teach him the languages they knew. Twenty of the best brains of the India of that day gathered with him in a kind of research university at Serampore. He founded a college and a theological seminary, both under a Danish charter. Strangely, that is the only college in India to this day that is still allowed by the government to confer a theological degree.

One of these superior men who gathered

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

about Carey was Ram Mohan Roy. And certainly no recital of the Messengers that lived for the ideals of Jesus Christ could be complete without him. Roy was magnetized by Carey's Christian philosophy, and he became absorbed in the life and mission of Christ. The New Testament, especially the Sermon on the Mount and the Gospel of John, captivated this group of Brahmins of whom Ram Mohan Roy was the leader. For Carey had tutored them in the study of the New Testament in all their languages. Before he finished his missionary career, he had succeeded in translating the whole Bible or parts of it into eighteen languages and dialects.

Soon another missionary of the Mind came in the person of Alexander Duff, who established Calcutta University. The East India Company had been forced to change its policy. Ram Mohan Roy leaped to the ultimate, as the Orientals do, and wanted to reform all Hinduism at once. He especially wanted to show his family, and his friends, how ridiculous it was to make a religious issue of the eating of meat.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

A group of young men in the university, bent on reform, took large pieces of meat which they secured from Mohammedan butchers, and threw them over the walls of the great estates. Consternation filled the Brahmin populace and they became enraged that their own youths could do this thing. If that were the result of this Christian teaching, it would be supremely destructive. Roy went to England for study and observation, still visioning his lifework as one of reform. And so it proved. Although Ram Mohan Roy was never baptized into the Christian Church, he was a devout follower of its truth. Along with the grandfather of the present poet, Tagore, he established a new Church among the Brahmins. He called it the Brahmo Samaj (Samaj meaning Church or Society). The reason for founding this church was a united and earnest desire to follow Christ, and yet to remain thoroughly Indian. This society is even now the best educated, as a group, in India. One can scarcely enter the halls of any university in any part of India without finding on the faculty one or more Brahmo Samajists.

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

Roy wrote a book on *The Precepts of Jesus*, which would be helpful for any American Christian to read. But above all, in his intensive life of reform, Ram Mohan Roy opened the mind of the higher classes of India. The Brahmo Samajists at once gave up caste; they began to open schools for the education of women; they denounced child marriage and perpetual widowhood. They began to learn from their leaders that their great mission would be along lines of social reform, and this has been their genius. Roy made many trips abroad, on one of which he died and was buried in England.

He turned the face of India's intellectuals toward the West for the first time in history. His philosophy was that we should accept truth, whatever its source, and that we should robustly overcome our prejudices in seeking it.

There are eleven high-grade universities in India today, every one of them founded by devoted Christian missionaries. The University of Calcutta, with its affiliated colleges, counts

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

its students as over thirty thousand. These universities, together with many other colleges and preparatory schools, are making a new India.

Robert Morrison went to China only sixteen years later than Carey sailed for India, and started forthwith the heroic task of translating the Bible into Chinese, of making a Chinese grammar, and of putting together a Chinese-English dictionary. These were Giants of the Missionary period. Many an Indian went to England in those days, expecting to find all Englishmen with the spirit of William Carey! And not very long ago an Eastern scholar who had studied the Sermon on the Mount, and later had watched us and our civilizations, said poignantly, "You are not as good as your Book. If you were as good as your Book, your spiritual Christ would become our Christ in ten years."

A Hindu gentleman came to spend some hours with me in my library in Calcutta. He was a man of great financial income, but he was devoting it all, save a mere pittance, to the

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

help of Indians overseas. As dusk settled down upon us, we were talking of religion. "We Indians are so foolish," he said, "but we somehow cannot help it; whenever we take a religion, we believe it with our whole souls. So you see, we dare not accept your Christ, for the more we turned the other cheek, the more we should be exploited by imperial Western power. We do not dare take Christianity seriously." Another way of putting it!

On three fronts our Christian sincerity is being challenged: (1) Japan copied our mass education and our military imperialism, and is outdoing us in both. She did not copy our message; only our technique. (2) Russia copied the idealism of our social philosophy, but we, unfortunately, had never worked out a technique by which our theory of the Kingdom of God could be applied here on earth. We had preached about it, prayed for it, but never expected actually to work it out, so we had no technique. The Russians, with Oriental enthusiasm and immediate ultimatism, have simply used our own methods of coercion, to

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

try to force the social philosophy upon the people, and on the world. They took our social philosophy without the message of Christ, and today you have the conflict. (3) India has taken seriously the Sermon on the Mount—our Christian message—and Gandhi's movement is putting it into practice. They are accomplishing an objective revolution, and achieving internal reforms on a vast scale, through Christ's non-violent method. They copied our message—not our practices.

We Western Christians of today stand, as it were, with our backs to the wall, along these three fronts, pressed back by the very forces that we ourselves have released. Our only hope is to go farther toward sacrificial sincerity. We either believe the Christian message, and are afraid to practice it; or we blandly profess a philosophy which we have not the slightest intention of putting into practical effect.

A powerful social leaven has been at work on a world-wide scale during the last century and a half. The Christian way of life has been its

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

motive and its goal. The modern awakening of the world has been paralleled by the Christian Missionary Movement, and it is altogether probable that this movement has been the primary cause of the new Oriental renaissance.

There is taking place what might be called a Social Incarnation. Earlier conceptions of incarnation represent God as incarnating himself in human individuals and, of course, Jesus is the ultimate portrayal of this conception. Today there is such a universal uprising of the masses or the underprivileged groups of the world as to make it possible to conceive of the incarnation of God in society itself. The Sermon on the Mount gives us a social program which, if realized, would create a new society. For long ages these ideals lay somewhat dormant in the Christian soil until at last, during the current century, they burst into flaming life.

The irresistible expansion of Europe has defined and characterized the geographical and racial movements of mankind for four turbulent centuries. Great empires sprang

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

into being. Military conquests throughout the world scattered European colonies and dependencies everywhere. The Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, and British Empires pushed out, one after another, to the ends of the earth.

Two forces were at work in this unprecedented expansion. First, the motive of conquest and profit. Second, the ideals of Christianity and education. At the beginning of the movement, and running down to the last generation, the crass motive of economic profit and racial domination was in the ascendency and colored the entire movement. Christian missionaries and educators were only a small and somewhat negligible group of unwelcome people intent upon an ideal program. They were buried beneath the avalanche of selfish desire for gain. But with every expansion there went at least a few of these valiant idealists, so that everywhere, along with political and economic imperialism, the spirit of Christianity was represented by humble but determined proponents of justice and goodwill.

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

The last generation has seen a glorious change in the accent of the expansionist movement. The leaven of Christianity and of democratic, scientific education has been springing into life, so that it can be fairly claimed that this element is now in the ascendancy. Idealism is no longer on the defensive, but has leapt to the first place and is demanding consideration. There is verily a mass incarnation of the Christ-ideal in society. Asia and Africa represent almost two-thirds of the human race, and this movement is everywhere apparent in these continental divisions.

One discerning American writer in the field of social ethics has described the modern scene as being typified by the blending of two parallel movements—the uprising of struggling majorities and the inventiveness of creative minorities. The two forces supplement and support each other, sometimes consciously and sometimes unawares. Certainly the release of India's millions of depressed classes came directly through the creative evangelization of the masses by the little company of Christian

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

missionaries. Schools and churches became the training ground for social experiments that ultimately undermined the giant pyramid of caste. Sixty millions of inert outcaste human beings were crushed like human mudsills beneath the enormous and static social pile. One by one the early missionaries learned the language of these common souls and told them the story of Jesus, the lowly yet mighty comrade and redeemer of the outcastes of all ages and of all nations. It was a wonderful story to them. It sounded like some divine magic from an otherworldly Arabian Nights. They listened, and learned, and grew impatient, fired with ambition for better things.

What happens when the foundations of a pyramid begin to shift their position? It means disaster. And the ancient Indian social system was no exception to the rule. Millions of human mudsills began to squirm, and at last to stand upon their feet, while the vast and elaborated structure above them cracked and crumbled.

A new social order has come into being in

THE MESSENGERS THAT LIVED FOR HIM

modern India. It owes its inception to intrepid but loving Christian servants who trekked across the world in the wake of cruel expansions from the West. They softened the impact, and turned it away from destruction to glory, from conquest to service. But no foreign movement can complete a renaissance. The ideal must incarnate itself in the soul of the people. It must express itself indigenously. It must root itself in native soil and satisfy a natural hunger. This is what has happened in Asia. The age has called forth its own messengers. The throb of new life presages a momentous ferment of world-wide reconstruction through the bold experiment of a non-violent technique. Enlarged armaments will seek to crush it, but in the end the way of love must win.

From awakened Asia, across the world to America, and criss-crossing throughout all of Europe, there comes the stir of new ethical demands. The modern Christian stands for a developing social order where personality transcends property, and where co-operative

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

peace supplants the pagan technique of war. On the immediate horizon stand the bold figures of imperialism, fascism, coercion. But the ascending sun of co-operation will dissolve them.

V

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

THE PAST four hundred years might be summed up as a period first and last of European expansion. Beginning with the Conquistadores, one empire after another, and each fighting the others, has made conquest of every continent and of practically all the islands of the Seven Seas. We have even put our flags at the Poles where there are no people, until the last remaining outposts are Tibet and Everest. We have continued it even to the twentieth century. It has been virile, but it has been brutal. Benjamin Kidd says that Europe's main business for this period has been the production of the most brutally efficient fighting animal that the world has ever known.

Going into meditative confession over the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

stupendous sin of our forefathers, we find one ray of light in the part this policy has had to play in the evolution of the will of God for man. Where Europe went, the Christian religion also went: halting and crude, but nevertheless present. Christopher Columbus ushered in the era when in setting out to look for India he stumbled across the Americas. He felt that his very name, Christopher, had a divine import, and during all of his journeys he thought of himself as a "Christ-Bearer." Cortez, when he landed in Mexico, took it in the name of the Church and of the state, and planted the Cross at Vera Cruz, which he named anew. Later, when Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Washington, he was recalled from America and sent to India, to establish the hard strategy that ended in the military conquest of the Indian Empire.

But about the same time went also William Carey, who brought to India a different message and technique, the leaven of which may ultimately undo the harm that armies have done. Before the Opium war snatched Hong

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

Kong from China, Robert Morrison had arrived and had already translated the Bible into the Chinese language. In Africa, where ninety-six per cent of the continent is under the control of European Powers, there still lingers the fragrant spirit of David Livingstone. While Europe has spread her armies like an octopus over the world, there has always gone, on the same steamers that carried the soldiers, a "stowaway"—a quiet messenger of the gospel of Jesus Christ, with a message more potent than even the missionary knew. It is this simultaneous appearance of conquering armies and Christian missionaries that has made keen-minded Chinese say, "The Gospel was not brought, it was shot, into China."

Four hundred years of soldiers and marines in conquering ships—yet down in the steerage or the hold was always a priest, a minister, a teacher. When the boat landed at Bombay, or Shanghai, or Hong Kong, disembarking alone but not afraid, believing in the truth he carried, came the stowaway. He organized classes and churches, teaching the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

people, and assuring them that all men were brothers. And all the while, the pompous secular powers thought their power of coercion was going to win permanently. Yet the quiet missionary planted the seed of a non-violent ideal that will some day quiet the noise of machine guns. He has already started the silent ferment in Asia and Africa, Europe and America. Outward power is only temporary.

Because of the experience of other countries, one peculiar little plateau, fortified by nature, closes its doors and its mind. Some years ago, I had long conversations with the Generalissimo of the armies of Tibet. He was our guest at a private tea in our Calcutta home. It had always seemed to me that missionaries should be welcomed into that highest, most inaccessible country in the world, where three million people live. I told him of our desires; albeit cautiously, courteously, and diplomatically.

The Generalissimo was adamant. His niece had studied in one of our schools, and he was familiar with what he called the skeleton of

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

the Christian religion. This was the substance of his answer:

“Your Christ is a high personage whom we revere; his message of love is one that all the world appreciates; your missionaries are people that would do our people good; they are kind and helpful, and we should be glad to have them. But, Sir, we dare not. It is like this: When they come, they are not content to live in our houses, with our beds, our furniture, our food, and our clothing. They wish to bring in their own way of living. They say it is so much better, and perhaps it is. That would not matter if it ended there, but it does not. Our people go into the homes of the missionaries and see the sewing machines, sit in the rocking chair, hear the victrola and the radio; and they want these things. And that, too, is legitimate. We do not object to that. But it does not end there. That causes our merchants to import these foreign things, which is proper; but the foreign trader will not let it end there; he, too, comes in and then there is trouble between our merchant and the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

foreign merchant, and that brings us into dire danger. The foreign government then sends in its soldiers to protect the foreign merchants, and, since we cannot cope with that, the consequence is that our flag would come down and the foreign flag would go up. No, Sir, as much as I think of your message and your messengers, you will see that we dare not let them in."

The whole Oriental world has risen in opposition to the materialism and the force of Western powers, but at the same time it has made a potent response to Christian idealism. This movement is profoundly affecting the totality of human relationships, and constitutes the inescapable social phenomenon of the modern world. Ever since Luther ushered in the new era, by releasing the soul-force of the individual, there has been slowly growing a new emphasis in the message of Christ. The new world that is slowly being brought into objective reality springs from the vision that was proclaimed by that disciple of Jesus who was closest to him: "Beloved, now are we the

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

sons of God." "I saw a new heaven and a new earth.... The old earth has passed away." "I saw the city of God let down from heaven."

Binding the Old Testament with the New has been our handicap, especially during the last century and a half of evangelical missionary expansion. Our emphasis has been divided. Around the world we have taken the Jewish morality, restrictions, and prophecies and have urged people everywhere to believe that Jesus was the Messiah foretold by the Jewish prophets as the only chosen spokesman. The Messiah for whom the Jew had looked had been a nationalistic hope. We should have taken our philosophy from the Hellenists who became Christians. They gave up the inadequate racialistic dream. That is what gave us the New Testament. We should have proclaimed him around the world only as the Prophet of the universal Kingdom of God, the revealer of the God of Love. The gospel should have stood alone, on its own literary feet. We should have taken time to study each and all of the nationalistic, racialis-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

tic prophecies and yearnings, considering each one God's chosen message for its time and place, each and all pointing toward a raceless, ageless Christ.

Jesus preached to people who, he took for granted, had known the Ten Commandments from their youth up, but he came, as he said, to give them a higher commandment: that they love one another. He realized more than anyone else what a difficult commandment that was. He lived in a day when myriads of little laws had been written to interpret the old laws of Moses. The high priests and men of the high court held their heads in the clouds and thought of themselves as the quintessence of piety because they broke not a jot nor a tittle of these little laws. They never saw humanity, and Jesus was aware of it. He brought a little innocent Godlike child into their midst as a shocking demonstration, and said: "This is what I mean by the Kingdom of God; it will have qualities of faith like this child; love, like this child. Except *you* become new, and innocent—like this little child—you cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

He turned the heads of the priests away from their golden-streeted heaven; he put man between the priest and God; and he turned the eyes of the priests on MAN. Your laws, he told them, are too inflexible; even your law about keeping the Sabbath. When a law like that interferes with the helping of humanity, then it is a proof that the law is to be condemned and changed to help the man or the group. Man is to come first. Make your laws to meet the needs of man. Whether it is unemployment, old-age security, untouchability; whenever a group is in distress, like the man that Jesus met on that Sabbath day, the law must be changed to fit the needs of man, and to remove his limitations. This is Christ's everlasting, evolving ethic.

The living Christ is even now wooing the world to take a deep look into the conditions of humanity; to see the agony on the faces of young mothers who fear their men children will be only fodder for war machines; to see the gaunt yearning of impoverished childhood; to behold the gigantic preparedness for war,

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

and evaluate the pious phrases used to defend it.

The proclamation that God Is Love, then, is the only practical basis for making the new world.

Wherever this message is preached, that the Kingdom of God is made up of the nascent qualities of childhood, old social conceptions are supplanted by new. Child marriage becomes a national scandal, and the people who permit it are consciously rebuked by public opinion. Child labor gets into the conscience, and agitation against it becomes a righteous duty. The Montessoris and the Froebels are produced to enlarge and beautify the environment and the mind of the childhood of the world.

No longer can we wear a cotton shirt or a cotton dress without a clutch in our throat for the condition of the Share-croppers. Sherwood Eddy has laid them on our doorstep like a bastard child and we can never again escape them; we must see them in all their tragedy, and must take them in, adopt them, into the

family of God. The Persian and Indian rugs on our floors can no longer be just things of beauty brought from a far-off country. Some time ago a man with a Christian world-heart was dining in one of America's palaces. The hostess was a queenlike woman of great beauty and power. The conversation turned to the rugs of the palace, which were all priceless; Persian, Indian, Oriental. The man with the world-heart was describing the method by which the rugs were made: how little children sat at the looms from dawn till dusk weaving the intricate patterns; how the overseer often punished them if the thread snapped, or when an error had been made in the pattern. Then the man of the world-heart took his hostess on an imaginary tour to the little mud hut to which the child went after the day's work was over—and before he could finish, the hostess of the palace, recoiling from the picture of squalor, said almost instinctively, "They are not even human, are they? They must be dregs of humanity." "No," quietly spoke the man of the world-heart, but with righteous

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

rebuke: "They are the sons and daughters of God. You ought to see them and serve them as such." As Jesus forced the priests to take their eyes off their heaven of golden streets and look at a disease-stricken man lying on an earthly street, so we shall have to take our eyes off the beautiful rugs and look deep into the heart of the child and the man and the woman who make these things of beauty, but are bound to dumb poverty by the middleman's greed for profit.

It was through chastened contact and sympathetic fellowship with the stricken sufferers in Indian villages, made progressively poorer by imperial greed, that I poured forth my own poignant poetry on *The Outcastes' Exodus*, one twilight hour of pensive meditation:

They come! The men of sorrows come,
Along the toiler's dusty road,
Forsaking superstition's load,
Escaping slavehood's bitter goad,
In faith, they come.

They come! The careworn women come,
From out the hovel's prison door,

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

The smoke-stained walls and mud-dung
floor,

Bowed down with grief and sorrows sore,
In hope, they come.

They come! The naked children come,
Already weary, having toiled,
But eager, hopeful, bright, unspoiled,
Though born in squalor, souls unsoiled,
They, childlike, come.

They come! The waking millions come;
They see the cross where Jesus died,
Behold the wound-print in his side,
They turn to follow this dear Guide,
Redeemed, they come.

They come! Who greets them as they come?
Shall sons of God, touched from above,
Like palsied priests unworthy prove?
Oh, let us rise in Christ's great love,
And BID them come!

This Protestant message, with its emphasis on Jesus' Commandment "that you love one another," has made democracy possible. It is a wholesome thing, now and then, to refresh our memories about the beginnings of our America. Walk with me again today down the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

shaded streets of old Duxbury, Massachusetts. It is still a village, but it was established only a few years after Plymouth, and was founded by sterling idealists. On a road, shaded by arching elms, there are three shining white buildings that are arresting. They are placed back a considerable distance from the road, and this sets them off like three gems in a ring. The three are in a perfect line, and there is a roomy distance between them. The first, as you approach them, is the church. "This parish," the little note on the cornerstone says, "was gathered in 1636." It is a pure example of Colonial architecture, and has the whitest paint I have ever seen. Inside, the high pulpit is austere, made of glowing mahogany. The first is the church, representing freedom of worship according to individual and community conscience. The second is the schoolhouse, quite large enough for the children of the parish. The third is the Town Meeting House, where laws were made and enforced. These three: religion, education and democratic government wherein every citizen

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

took part. These are the three pillars of our democracy. You and I are the inheritors of those ideals. Our forefathers paid the price for that democracy. These are the pillars also of the dream of the Democracy of God; and these ideas are bit by bit permeating the world. We are far from the realization of the dream here, but there stand the pillars to remind us that we must keep our religion vital; our education free from prejudice and free to all; participation in government shared equally by all; and equal justice given to all.

To keep this religion vital we require individual and corporate loyalty to the ideal life enunciated by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. I believe this creative message is alive and at work in the world today more potently than ever before. I wonder whether we can, living as we do in this present age, adequately appreciate the social nature and power of Christianity. This man-God, Jesus, as Christ, is changing the world age by age and year by year. His message is the ferment that stimulates social and ethical ad-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

vancement. For that reason we must carefully evaluate, without prejudice, the revolutionary changes that are at work.

Sir Narayana Chandavarka of Bombay said years ago that "The ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society and modifying every phase of Hindu thought." Even untouchability is breaking on the anvil of this new brotherhood. When the Maharajah of Travancore sent out an edict a few months ago, declaring all Hindu temples open to the Untouchables, it took away the stigma of untouchability forever in that part of India. It was as great a release as our Emancipation Proclamation.

Different periods of history have given rise to differing interpretations and emphases in the life of Jesus. In the early days of the Church, the miracles loomed large, and the picturesqueness of Christ's life. Down through the years many a saint has tried to live in imitation of the outward habiliments of his earthly life—vows of celibacy and pov-

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

erty, wandering without a home. Many of these outward signs, beautiful as they are when surrounding the life of a saint, have somewhat blinded us to the challenging attitudes of Jesus in his attack on conditions that inhere in the social order. Christianity is poorly expressed in ascetic withdrawal. A changed life is impotent unless it finds some practical means to change the world. Secular society cares very little whether you withdraw from it; it sits up straight when you seek to change it.

Ethical Christianity must be made socially dominant. Man always seeks divine aid when environmental forces drive him toward despair because of his own inadequacy. You know very well that when you have a load too heavy for you to pull, you seek an engine strong enough to pull it; if there is ground too hard for you to plow, you seek the strongest plowshare and the strongest tractor; if there is a stone too heavy for you to lift, you seek a crane to lift it. Why does social reconstruction loom so large in Christian preaching to-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

day? in religious literature? in human movements? Because struggling, thinking prophets have caught the significance of the emphasis of Jesus upon social revolution. Caught in the mesh of a crushing social order, man will not yield. He demands, and will get, an elastic social organization through which his divine freedom may be achieved.

The pertinent question has been asked over and over again: "Can a man live a Christian life in this modern world?" A picture in miniature of that question is the conflict in the life of Tolstoi. Certainly Tolstoi was a man "Twice-born." What he formerly hated, he afterward loved, and what he was formerly indifferent to, later claimed all of his life. The peasants he began to see as friends, as brothers, even as kinsmen, and he began to fellowship with them as such. He tried to give all of his land to them, believing it did not belong to him. There, his wife and family objected, so finally he compromised by turning it all over to them. He ate in his own dining room at a bare end of the table, seated on a

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

peasant's milk stool, while his wife and family continued to live the old luxurious life at the other end of the same table. He committed to memory the whole Gospel of Matthew, and took the Sermon on the Mount as the serious program of his life. But his wife lost her mind, and he died a lonely saint. Sometimes the only thing a man can be is an isolated prophet. He has no other course. But Tolstoi's social dreams of yesterday have already become practical programs of today.

The answer to that question is certainly not a complete withdrawal from this life. If an untoward environment drags an individual down, then a normal reaction might be to withdraw from it. Withdrawal, fasting and prayer, a day of silence—if these things are done for the purpose of regaining spiritual power through communion with God and the study of ways and means, then the personality absorbs power and returns to normal life with renewed courage as a reformer. These two expressions of the Christian life are always at work. Do not become alarmed if you find

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

some churches becoming ritualistic and mystical; do not think it old-fashioned for men to spend days in meditation; that burdened mystic may come forth from his meditations with a new note that will lift the whole social order. You cannot call one superstition, and the other science. They are both scientific: the first, the soul communing with God, and filling his life; the second, the renewed soul seeking to change the social order into an aid to righteous living, rather than submitting to an order which acts like quicksand. These two forces, one as scientific as the other, have been active ever since Jesus lived. Until we achieve an environment which supports rather than degrades, we cannot do without either of them.

When you find a man that is extravagantly fighting what we call capitalism, and another fighting fully as extravagantly what we call socialism, do not try to make peace. That kind of peace would be death. Men everywhere are going to keep on struggling with this problem until the environment of society makes it possible for men to live better lives;

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

until the substructure that is underneath men will support them in their ideals. We are all dissatisfied with our present-day order. There are houses near you that you know are not fit to be homes for young children that must grow up to be citizens of a democracy. There are conditions in factories that are disastrous to the physical bodies of the men and women compelled to work in them. There are personalities that are as hard as adamant, and as ruthless as animals, and that wield too much power. There are emphases in literature and in the theater that are not calculated to uplift the people who are reached by them. There are forces that bring a soiling to your mind, that bring a bedraggled spirit to your life; and you, with the rest of humanity, will never rest until that environment is changed.

Christianity began as a social movement, and our religion and our social behavior cannot be separated. Each affects the other. So, new conceptions of God and man are springing from this present-day chaos, and from the scientific developments that are all about us. We

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

have had two hundred years of industrial revolution and expansion, the displacement of millions of people by machinery. We have witnessed vast migrations of peoples when half of one continent has flowed to another. We have seen little villages burst suddenly into great metropolitan areas. And into the welter of this fast-moving change, into this maelstrom of masses of heterogeneous people, jostling one another, into this madness of the jealousy of nations, has been dropped the disturbing leaven of the ideals of Jesus:

1. That God is Love; that he is a father, not a merciless dictator, slaying whom he cannot control;
2. That personality transcends property;
3. That freedom is an inalienable right of all;
4. That the highest and happiest life is the most sacrificial;
5. That human nature can be changed and saved and perfected.

The great commandment that Jesus gave his disciples, he called *new*, because it transcended

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

and embraced all old commandments; it was simply a dynamic, practical social program, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus told his own disciples that they would be forgiven in the same measure as they forgave; that God was our mutual Father. The new social philosophy that he enunciated was that humanity as a whole was greater than its parts; that the old law was abrogated, where it demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; that LOVE will be the password into the family of God.

The messengers of Jesus, discussed in the previous chapter, who went to the other side of the world carrying these ideals of Jesus, had a revelation, as they came into ever closer touch with Oriental wisdom: that Christ's message was for the world; that it had a universality which could satisfy every race, every philosophy, every condition, every age—even our modern machine age. The words of Jesus have been and are now acting as dynamite among social structures throughout the world. The idealism of Jesus is becoming the domi-

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

nant element in modern world ethics. One of the statesmen of modern China, not a baptized Christian, recently made a statement indicating the vast social changes that soon would come in China and in the world. Whether consciously or unconsciously, I do not know, he quoted the very words of Jesus with reference to a better social life.

The problems of this new unfolding world have become so similar that the students of the universities of the widely separated nations are debating the same subjects: Is every man a son of God, and will the nations become a democracy of God, or shall we allow godless imperial powers to rule other nations of the world, and throw their peoples, against their will, into the maw of War?

When Professor Hocking of Harvard directed the Laymen's Inquiry into foreign missions, and returned after two years of fact-finding and sympathetic investigation, he put into the report, *Re-Thinking Missions*, much of just criticism, but also much that gave us new faith in this Christ whose idealism we love

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

and in whose commandments we believe. To me, he summed up the entire field by saying, "We are brothers in a common quest, and the first step is to recognize it and disarm ourselves of our prejudices."

We cannot afford to denounce other religions of the present day, or other denominations of Christianity than our own. Each one of these great forces is doing its share in adjusting our life toward tolerant goodwill and helpfulness. The best way to live anywhere is to live free from prejudice. The best way to have a variety of friends is to have no prejudices. To quote Professor Hocking's commission further: "Whatever else the Kingdom of God may mean, it carries with it, beside the full development of individuals and the maturing of social groups, also the spiritual unity of all men and all races—the moral sense of mankind comes to accord on the deeper principles of right and wrong;—art and beauty, without losing their local quality, become a treasury open to all and protected by all."

Each national or race group will not only

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

hold its local color, but will develop its inherent and inherited gifts to their highest. In that spiritual unity toward which we are moving, we shall all be the inheritors of the deep philosophy and searching literature, and tenderness of personality, of the Hindu, the Buddhist, and the Christian. We shall all share in that high ethical literature and art of the Chinese, the humor and harmony of the African; the finesse and versatility of the European, and the high standard of living and the democratic principles of America. The good of all social organisms will be unified against the bad. The conflicts will be peaceful battles of intellect as to historical criticism and unprejudiced prophecy.

The reason for the failure of the League of Nations was not any inadequacy in the ideal of a society of Nations. That ideal is certainly one of the goals toward which we must move without flinching. But the trouble was that around that international table of a unified ideal sat nationalistic minds that were static and could not move from the past, or from

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

their selfish nationalism. In America we have gone on with the idea of universal public education begun by our democratic forefathers and have worked toward an educated attitude of mind. Then with this expanding mental attitude, this training in skills, and this growing sophistication, we had thought to keep the same old dogmas of divisive creeds. Outward forms of religion, human relationships and social planning will all have to be adjusted to the new intellectual awakening. This can only be done by clarifying the principles on which we find ourselves in accord. The new leaven is now a part of the very soul of society, and it will never die until environmental life is changed into the likeness of the Son of God. It may be that temporary class struggle will spring from this Christian leaven, but if it must, it will not be final.

Charles Ellwood in his book, *The Reconstruction of Religion*, quotes Professor G. B. Smith: "Beneath the stirrings and seethings of modern unrest, one discerns dimly the outlines of a religion which shall trust in the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

larger future instead of being bound literally to the past; which shall glory in the capacity of man to use God's resources to remake this world instead of inculcating a passive dependence on supernatural forces which lie out of man's reach; which shall develop scientific control into a mighty instrument for the welfare of man instead of uttering warnings against the dangers of scientific theories." ¹

A generation ago we awoke to the fact that the world had become a whispering gallery: International gossip was brought to us so swiftly by the interlocking cables. But today with our doors and windows locked a voice from Nanking, from Tokyo, from Calcutta, or from Melbourne pierces through and we feel a brotherly oneness with their aspirations. The smallpox gods have been replaced around the world by inoculation; the great Pasteur, who ushered in this era of preventive medicine, gave all the credit for the work of his life to the Christ whose symbol of sacrifice, the cross,

¹ From *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology*, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

THE WORLD THAT IS BEING MADE BY HIM

he always wore about his neck, beneath his clothing.

Science, sociology, religion—these three—march hand in hand toward the swinging gates that open into the new world we are making after the pattern of Jesus.

VI

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

WE COME now to the personal application and appropriation of the broad lines of religious philosophy that have thus far absorbed our thought. How can the individual personality consciously and victoriously incarnate the attitude, technique, and motive of Jesus? Is not the Jesus way of life just an unrealizable ideal? Did anyone ever really live it? And would it not be a misfit in the modern world of men?

It is a matter of vision. "The light of the body is the eye; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Look clearly at the origin and development of our Christian movement; at its impact upon society; at the creative personalities it has produced. Try to explain it on purely historic

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

grounds. The eye wavers, until it concentrates upon the indisputable evidence of that divine energy which flows from the Power beyond ourselves into ourselves, giving us poise, power, and immortal assurance.

What is true religion? Especially in personal experience? The sacred literature of the world is full of all sorts of definitions. I think we will discover in these definitions an age-old pendulum that swings back and forth between what might be called *action* and *belief*, or, if you prefer the words, between *conduct* and *creed*. Is religion a belief in something, or is religion doing something? Saints and social servants have always debated it from James and Paul down to today. Many social servants have found God by studying and serving men. One can go all the way from modern actionists back to the most mystic poets, and find that there is an abiding belief that no man ever truly sees God except on the path of human service. It is difficult to eliminate illustrations and to deal in such little space with a problem so varied and so lovely as this possibility of finding God by serving men.

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

But the exact opposite has also claimed man's attention down through all religious history. Many saints have found God by simply beholding him, by contemplating him; and then, after having found him through selfless contemplation, going out to serve him in the world. I honestly believe, as a minister who has seen a variety of religious expressions among the various religions of our world, that ✓one can truly find God by either or both of these paths.

If you want to find God, begin as a social servant; and if you are absolutely sincere, you will wake up after a while to discover that every little baby is made in the image of God, that you cannot fully serve a child or a man, that you cannot advance or change human society, without a belief in the divinity of the persons you seek to change. You may begin with social service, but you will end with personal religion.

If you are intuitive and mystical, begin with single-eyed contemplation of God; develop a satisfying creed. You will discover ere long

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

that the creed becomes a morbid prison unless you carry it forth into active life. The personal soul can find God by either of these pathways, and I would be more or less indifferent as to which path a man took, if he were only sincere. Begin anywhere, with any wholesome group, so long as the aim is consciously purposeful, unselfish, and real. But may God deliver us from social leaders, from personal writers, from dabblers in psychology, from tinkerers in social ethics, from demagogues in religious emotion, who have not wholesomely found themselves.

Perhaps the best current example of the vital interplay between the personal and the social, in religious experience, is A. J. Muste, whose very sincerity as a revolutionary communistic socialist has swung him back from atheistic idealism to Christian theism. His recent article on "Why I Return to the Church" has had wide publicity, and has elicited constructive debate from both sides of the controversy that now engages the world. "I return," says Muste, "from the left wing

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

political movement, from radical Marxism, from passionate secular idealism, which made me condemn the church as conservative, as retarding progress, as martyring free spirits. I *return* to the Church! Why? Because these years of experience have taught me that the Church of the redeemed is the only great redeeming agency. The nucleus of any effective movement against war, against a social order based on the spirit and method of war, will have to be composed of those who by the grace of God, and insight into the meaning of the cross, have renounced the spirit of war; first in their own hearts, and then, and therefore, in all relationships of life; of those who know the overcoming power of prayer and humility and sacrifice; of those who are not led astray by the will to dominate or destroy anyone, because Christ lives in them. The Church often fails in this, but I see no other agency doing it at all. That is why I return to the Church." Here speaks a man who has found not only his work, but himself. One search leads to the other.

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

Nobody ever fully serves men until he finds himself. In seeking and serving others, seek also for yourself. You are one of the humans that needs finding. Likewise in seeking to save yourself, remember that no one is saved alone. On any path, under any creed, never stop until your own soul finds the radiant assurance of transcendent communion with God. There waits for you a conscious identity with a living universe of power and happiness.

A personal religious experience is the emotional unity of personality. I never become excited, in any debate, when any person tells me, whether he be a modern scientist, or a mystical Hindu, or a cautious Confucianist, that religion is emotion. It is. Personal religious experience is emotional unity. It is, however, an emotion based on mind and eventuating in character. Friedrich Schleiermacher was one of the first moderns to analyze the religious psychology of the human personality. His researches brought him to the conclusion that religious experience could be found only by the inner soul itself; that the

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

essence of religion resides within the individual soul; and that religion is neither *action* on the one hand, nor *creed* on the other; that it is the resultant personality growing out of both belief and action. A man's belief is the foundation of his character; it either builds or destroys him. If, for instance, a man believes that he is a son of God, and also believes that all men are sons of God, then that very creed compels him to act in a diviner way. One might call this resultant character a permanent exaltation of the personality. The essence of religion *in* the soul is the exaltation *of* the soul.

There are two rhythmic tides in a dynamic religious experience, two rhythmic tides, acting and re-acting, flowing and ebbing; sometimes one is in the ascendancy, sometimes the other is ascendent, but they never clash. While one is ebbing, the other is flowing; while one is flowing, the other is ebbing. They never break upon a personality, but lift it. These two great rhythmic tides interplay in every wonderful religious experience: First, out of

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

self into God, or into self with God, detached from the world; and, second, the other rhythmic motion, out of self, identified with God, into the world of men. There is this everlasting interplay. If you require a modern, psychological, intellectual evidence for this idea, go to Professor J. H. Leuba, of Bryn Mawr College. I do not mean that he writes of a religious experience, because he claims to have none, nor do I mean that I have in any sense borrowed my own experience of these spiritual tides from him. I refer to his article in the *Revue Bleue* of Paris only because I have discovered that certain types of modern mind to whom I preach can accept no idea, however elemental, unless documents are shown from modern scholars. Professor Leuba discusses "The Psychology of Scientific Inspiration." He explains that revelations of saints and seers, the glorious flashes of spiritual and ethical illumination, are not unexplainable *mysteries*, but are logical *results*; that the technique is the same, whether or not consciously applied, in the illumination of saints

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

and in the discoveries of scientists; that illumination or discoveries, whether in personality or physics, result from an interesting interplay between sustained effort and relaxed repose. After the conception of the thesis, two movements: first, sustained, concentrated work and experiment; second, receptive and restful periods of almost subconscious reverie.

Every now and then there is the rhythmic tide out of self, a period when you never think of yourself, only of doing things for others; and then you feel the lift of the other tide, detached from the world, enriching the self in identity with God. Nobody can always stay out in the toiling field or in the noisy factory or down town in the enervating office; nobody, anywhere, can be effective in objective service without the sure support of an inner exaltation of spirit.

I have seen many social servants go down to the slums of a city; I have seen them sail for social work among brown and yellow and black people abroad; they have floundered, because they should have waited at an altar until the

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

lifting tide of an inward experience sent them forth prepared, refined, exalted, humbly conscious of divine identification. When they go with the idea that others are less worthy than they, with the idea that they must sacrificially reach down to others, all they do is to make the sense of inferiority on the part of others heavier than it was before, while their own unfounded sense of superiority kicks back into futility. The only way to serve is to achieve the inward conviction that black is lovely in color, that brown adorns the personality, and that yellow adds charm to humanity, and that white is just one of God's hues. When the eye is single, you see only the heart that cries, "Let me, too, be redeemed; let me, too, climb up."

Human reconstruction will never be accomplished without spiritual dynamic, and no social program is effective by technique alone. We have depended too much on mere technique. Technique does nothing without emotional power. Steam, you know, is powerful only when you imprison it. When you compress steam so that only a little escapes, as

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

channeled, it has power. But when you open the valves, and forget the furnace and the reservoir, it becomes mere vapor, absorbed by the air. So if one works continually in the social order, thinks never of the source of divine power, he becomes a broken personality, with a sense of futility. Hence our disillusioned idealists!

Complete humanitarianism leads nearly always to futility, whereas complete asceticism leads to fanaticism. There must be always the two tides, flowing and ebbing: (1) out of self, into work for the world; (2) into self, detached from the world, identified with God.

The highest requisite for human service, and for self-improvement, and for social reconstruction, is to discover the purposes of God and to identify life with those purposes. What one needs is an elemental philosophy of God, mankind, and self. One's foundational philosophy of life, his belief, as I have tried to indicate, makes or unmakes him and his cause. He becomes by that a dynamo or a dud, a staff or a reed, a man or a machine, a comrade or

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

a coward, a leader or a leech. A foundational philosophy of life, that cannot be shaken, bends the *will* and concentrates the *intelligence* upon the realization of the ideal vision. What is the use of having a vision if there is no *objective will* to bring it to pass? Or *directed intelligence* to advance it? Many ascetics have a clear vision, but cannot achieve objective results because of their withdrawn subjectivism. I seek, even by unwelcome repetition, to emphasize the essential rhythm of the inward and the outward elements of any wholesome religious experience.

The soul that finds itself in Christ begins with the inescapable conviction (the foundational philosophy) that we live in a spiritual universe which reaches its highest expression in spiritual personality; that spirit must therefore triumph over matter; that growth must triumph over decay; and that life must triumph over death. Without this premise there is no need to expect ultimate victory.

What is the internal and external result of a conviction like that? I have set down seven

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

things that seem to spring out of my own spirit and experience, tested in my own missionary service, and made manifest in scores of spiritual persons I have known across the world:

1. Emancipation of one's latent personal powers through discovering God's universal supremacy, and yielding gladly to his discipline. Self-indulgence means death—self-realization means life. The greatest emancipation of any spirit is through the discipline of truth, and the best use of freedom is in loyalty and devotion. I found as a boy that my first sense of freedom came through unalterable devotion to my mother. In my adolescence I practically worshiped her. I became a mother's boy. I now know why. It was the unreasoned discovery that when my mother said that a particular course was wrong, and another right, it always turned out that way. Every soul requires something supreme, authoritative, ultimate to rest upon and to trust. By yielding to the supremacy of God and recognizing that God is to be obeyed

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

because he himself lives by definite laws, the soul becomes not a goaded prisoner but a supported freeman. Love and approval by the best person we know will speed our feet, give dexterity to our hands, and put joy in our hearts.

2. Spontaneous vitality through this sure but expanding sense of certainty. Spontaneity of response and action is essential if life is to be rich and full. Adventure, romance, courage will blossom normally. Fear subsides, doubt dissolves, energy expands.

3. Power to transcend the daily wear and tear of existence. In the thousands of interviews that have come to me, during a generation of preaching, I am convinced that the vast majority of problems presented have had to do with the ordinary wear and tear of daily life. The power to transcend trifles, to put them in their place, to maintain a sense of values, is regnantly inherent in a vital and growing religious experience. Fatigue may come, but not despair.

4. A glow and rapture of soul. This may

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

come in a hundred ways. The poets know it best; or the musicians; or the lovers—that is, they that poise the spirit in harmony. Life has its tragedies, and sorrow overtakes all of us. Pain and evil seek their toll. We are made in part from the dust of the earth. But the emancipated, vital, transcending spirit knows that God breathed his divine breath into our nostrils, and that man is therefore, more than all else, a living soul, capable of glowing rapture.

Perhaps my best illustration is from that rugged, perceiving mid-American poet, Carl Sandburg:¹

BATH

“A man saw the whole world as a grinning skull and crossbones. The rose flesh of life shriveled from all faces. Nothing counts. Everything is a fake. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes and then an old darkness and a useless silence. So he saw it all. Then he went to a Mischa Elman concert. Two hours waves of sound beat on his eardrums. Music washed

¹ From *Chicago Poems*. Published by Henry Holt and Company.

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

something or other inside him. Music broke down and rebuilt something or other in his head and heart. He joined in five encores for the young Russian Jew with the fiddle. When he got outside his heels hit the sidewalk a new way. He was the same man in the same world as before. Only there was a singing fire and a climb of roses everlastingly over the world he looked on."

Did a mere violin do that? No! it was but the spark that lit the glow within. Let nothing rob you of your sense of appreciation. Get all the color you can; all the music you can; refresh yourself in all spiritual things. Maintain at its height your rightful glow and rapture of soul.

Shelley thought that nature might some day trip him because he walked with his head in the clouds and his eyes on the stars; but nature loved Shelley; for is not nature in the stars and the clouds, as surely as under our feet? Why is a mud-digger more practical than a stargazer? Or a rock more real than a bird?

5. Such love for mankind that service is a romance. Reflecting upon my own missionary

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

service, I am discovering more and more the romantic and radiant reality of the hours and days I used to think of in terms of suffering and sacrifice. These were the deep, sustaining tones of the oratorio of service. Little babies, carried in one's aching arms, across flooded fields in cholera-stricken areas; weary fatigue from toil and dust in heat-ridden villages; the ravages of pain from tropical disease germs; the disappointment and broken-heartedness because change and improvement came so slowly; the tragedies of social progress. Then, on the other hand, the glories of friendship; the stimulating clash of creative debate; the sunrise on a mountain; the sunset on a sea; the children in a village; the temples along a sacred river; the variety of customs; the changing of the mind, the growth of the soul, the acceleration of life.

6. Such heightened self-significance that solitude is radiance. If you can be alone and solitary, and yet be radiant; if you can serve men in such joy that service is romance—then you are religiously poised and balanced: your

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

religious experience is a factual reality. Another interplay of tidal movements is at work in your living soul.

7. Personal realization of God's Reality. P. C. Mozoomdar, Indian Hindu, awakened and stirred by Christ, sang out:

"I am a prisoner, but my prison opens from the inside. The walls have hidden doors. Though I close my eyes, my fingers touch the springs in the door. My chains fall off. God's hidden purposes become glorious altar-stairs to the bosom of Infinite Rest. I have found thee, O, my Beloved. My whole being worships Thee, offers itself unto Thee, finds Thee real."

Is not this what we mean by spiritual conversion? Is not conversion just a change in the direction of the emotional drive of the personality? George A. Coe has suggested that to be converted is simply to have sensuous-mindedness changed into spiritual-mindedness, a voluntary change of attitude toward God and mankind. It is committing oneself to the high ideal of growth toward personal

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

holiness and the development of social completeness.

The emotional drive toward perfection is, of course, tempered by constructive patience; a forward-looking patience, expectant, not static. Mature, mellowed, Christian experience learns that progress toward perfection is gradual. The more closely we examine unusual personalities the more we discern behind them the continuous struggle and victory of years of unfoldment, day by day, year by year, toward more perfect knowledge and skill and power.

A religious experience is, in practical terms, simply the best art of living, the best science of action. Coe again suggests that it is the relaxation of strain and the release of easy energy. It is conquest over the body by letting in the divine light. It is falling in love with life, with God's universe. It is discovering that in the heart of the universe is a heart like one's own. A heart like mine, like yours. A heart that my heart may love. A heart that loves me. That will help me, not hurt me.

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

It is learning that the universe is not against me, but for me. Jesus expressed it in terms of personalism when he said "My Father and I are One." What relaxation of strain! What release of easy energy! What living above anxiety! What displacement of worry! What conquest over *ennui* and futility!

Even Havelock Ellis, in his *Dance of Life*, so recognizes the reality of the conversion experience that he feels compelled to try to express it in his own secular terms. He calls the experience the "organization of an emotional relationship to the world conceived as a whole." Some call it "adjustment." They say of some one, "he clicks," or he has "it." When the soul finds itself, it finds the whole life of God; it discovers the beauty of God, the wonder of his world, the divinity of other people, the larger significance of his own life. The whole world stands forth as divine personality expressing itself in glorious and potential varieties.

Joseph Plunkett, born in Dublin, son of Count Plunkett, editor of the *Irish Review*,

THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

planned the Irish campaign for an Easter rising in 1916. It failed. He was condemned to death by the British authorities. But between the time of his condemnation and his execution, he wrote a poem, the glory of which is that it contains not one morbid line, but heightens his own suffering by identification with Christ on a cross yet alive in his world:

“I see His blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes:
His body gleams amid the eternal snows;
His tears fall from the skies:
I see His face in every flower.
The thunder, and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice; and, carved by His
power,
Rocks are His written words.
All pathways by His feet are worn;
His strong heart stills the ever-beating
sea.
His crown of thorns is twined with every
thorn,
His cross is every tree.”

A satisfying religious experience is the spiritual identification of a freedom-loving soul with the expressive heart of a Christly uni-

THE SOUL THAT FINDS ITSELF IN HIM

verse. Most of the ills of the world we humans have made, and when men find their true life in Christ, the ills of the world will pass away, and good prevail within and without.

Each of us is born as a distinct personality, with special physical and psychic drives peculiar to ourselves, but co-ordinated with universal human purposes. We are pushed biologically from behind, and drawn spiritually from before. In the distinctive affirmation of the personal self, we also affirm the reality of other personal selves, whose regard we crave and whose well-being we seek. The inborn talent, capacity, genius, whatever one calls it, will characterize the measure and quality of our individual response to God and the world. Michelangelo used to say that it was never well with him except when he held a chisel or a brush in his hand. God gives to each and every soul the capacity to recognize its divine, supreme attraction. The true glory of living is to follow that attraction at any cost. It is always well with a man when his own tool is in his hand, glorifying the body and liberating the soul. This is the supreme religious experience. It is fullness and harmony.

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THE MAN THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

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